

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE SKATING REGIMENT.

IN Norway, the ground is overspread with snow for three quarters of the year, and not unfrequently to a depth of ten feet. When a thaw comes, it is only the surface of the mass that melts; and then the next frost of course covers the whole country with a crust of ice. In such circumstances, there is no getting along in the usual way. The people must still ascend the hills and dive into the valleys in pursuit of game; they must still traverse the hoary forests to gather wood for fuel; and they must still journey to the distant towns to bring food to their isolated hamlets. In these excursions, whether long or short, they use skates. Skating is with them neither a mere amusement nor a gymnastic exercise; it is a means of locomotion which the nature of the ground renders indispensable, and a man who could not skate would be unable to walk to any useful purpose.

It is melancholy to think that one of the most delightful winter customs has, like many other things good in themselves, been pressed into the service of war. In the army of Norway, there is a company of skaters, dressed in the dark-green of English riflemen, and armed merely with a slight musket slung upon the shoulder, and a dagger-sword. They are likewise provided with an iron-pointed staff, seven feet long, resembling those used by the Swiss when traversing the glaciers; which serves to balance them as they sweep along the ice, and which they strike deep into the ground when they desire to stop in their headlong career. The staff is also indispensable as affording a rest for their pieces when they fire. Their skates are of a peculiar construction, being singularly long; and when thus shod, it is a strange sight, and in times of peace, like the present, an amusing one, to see this light company climbing with ease the icy hills, gliding down their precipitous sides, and striding, as Klopstock says, with winged feet over the waters, transmuted into solid ground, as if in defiance of the common laws of nature.

Skating was known to the ancestors of the Northmen, if we take the date assigned by some authors to the Edda as evidence, eight centuries ago; the god Uller being represented in the Scandinavian scriptures as remarkable for his beauty, his arrows, and his skates. The exercise is not mentioned by the Greek and Roman writers, though so well acquainted with all other gymnastics; but Klopstock, Goëthe, Herder, and other German poets, sing the praises of the art. In Holland it is practised, as in Norway, not for its gracefulness, but for its utility; and there it is common for the country people to skate to market. Dur-

ing the famous expedition of Louis XIV., this art of locomotion was used against the Dutch themselves in one of the most curious and daring exploits recorded in history. When the states sued for peace, the terms offered by the pride of Louis were so monstrous, that the people tore open their sluices, and laid the country under water. The frost after a time, however, rendered even this unavailing; and at length General Luxembourg, one dark and freezing night, mounted twelve thousand men on skates, and sent them over the ice from Utrecht to surprise the Hague. The result is given as follows by a writer who takes his facts from a French historian.

"When they left Utrecht, it was clear frosty weather, and the effect of the moon and stars upon the even sheet of ice, over which they swept like a breeze, was truly magical. By degrees, as they advanced, the visible horizon of earth was obscured by vapor, and they could see nothing around, above, or beneath them, but a circular expanse of ice, bounded at the edge by thick gray clouds, and canopied by the starry curtain of the sky. The strange groaning sound which ever and anon boomed along the frozen wilderness, had at first something inexpressibly terrific to the imagination; and as it died fitfully away in the distance, the space surrounding them seemed extended almost to infinity. The sky at length was gradually covered by the vapors rising, as if from the edges of the circle of earth; a veil of dull and hazy white overspread the heavens and obscured the stars; and a dim round spot of watery brightness was the only indication of the site of the moon, by which alone they could now steer their course.

"A rapid thaw had come on; their skates sunk deeper and deeper into the ice at every sweep; and at last, the water gathering upon the surface, as it was agitated by the night-wind that had now risen, assumed the appearance of a sea. The wind increased; the sky grew blacker and blacker; their footing became more spongy and insecure; they plunged almost to the knee; and the ice groaned and cracked beneath them. Every one looked upon himself as lost; and the horrors of a fate hitherto untold in story, and appearing to belong neither to the fortunes of the land nor of the sea, appalled the boldest imagination.

"At length a faint twinkling light appeared in the distance, sometimes seen and sometimes lost in the varying atmosphere; and they had the satisfaction, such as it was, of at least knowing the relative bearings of the place on which they were about to perish. The light proceeded from a strong fort in the enemy's hands, impregnable without cannon; and what added bitterness to their misery, was the knowledge that beyond this fort was a

dike, which in all probability afforded a path, however narrow and muddy, by which they could have returned to Utrecht. The fort, however, was the gate to this avenue of safety; and even if they had possessed the requisite means of siege, if it was defended for a single day, they would either be swallowed up by the water, in the continuance of the thaw, or perish miserably through cold and fatigue. But anything was better than inaction. The water creeping insidiously around them was a deadlier enemy than stone walls or cannon-shot; and they determined at least to make a rush upon the immovable masonry of the fort, and provoke the fire of its defenders. It is impossible to account for the result. It may have been that the sight of so large a body of men rushing in upon them, as if from the open sea, their numbers multiplied, and even their individual forms distorted and magnified in the midst, struck a panic terror into the hearts of the garrison; while this may have been increased by the shouts of courage or despair, booming widely over the icy waste, and mingling like the voices of demons with the rising wind. But however it was, the gates of the fort opened at their approach, and the helpless and half-frozen adventurers rushed in without striking a blow."

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

#### HOLY-WEEK IN LIMA.

LIMA, April 13, 1846.

In no other place does Holy-Week exhibit so many religious pageantries as here. The spectacles commenced with the entrance of our Saviour into Jerusalem. On a platform, which was carried on the shoulders of men like a bier, stood a wax donkey, on which was mounted a wax figure, intended to represent the person of our Saviour. Around were grouped wax figures, from whose hands, palms had fallen on the platform.

Then followed another platform, on which stood in wax the Virgin Mary, with a sparkling crown on her head, and in a robe of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, and having a long train, which was supported by an angel. This robe cost a thousand dollars, and was a present from a lady, as an offering to the Virgin, for her recovery from sickness. Then followed a third platform, and on it a wax tree, with a little wax man in its branches, representing Zaccheus. These platforms were surrounded and borne on by an immense concourse of people, singing and shouting.

On Tuesday was the ceremony of the Banner. The great cathedral was crowded with spectators. The high altar was lit by a thousand candles. A tall priest, dressed in black silk robes, moved out in front of it, and unfurled a banner of red and black, measuring some eighteen feet by twelve. At this moment the band in the orchestra struck up. The priest waved the banner in front of the high altar some five minutes, knocking over, with the staff, one of the twelve great candles. The candle thus knocked over, represented Judas. He then turned about, facing the spectators, who dropped on their knees. As he descended from the altar, with his train flowing behind him like a vast cloud, and his banner waving in darkening magnificence over head, twenty-four priests, in black robes, and through whom he passed, fell flat on their faces upon the pavement. They remained in that posture some

ten minutes, the banner all the time waving, and instruments playing. They then got up, several of them laughing under their hoods; and the banner disappeared through one of the side chapels. Thus closed this spectacle of the Banner, which had with me as little significance and solemnity about it as the display of the green breeches of the prophet at Constantinople.

On Thursday, at twelve o'clock, which corresponds to Friday at Rome, all occupations and amusements ceased. Every shop was closed, and every vehicle laid aside. The bells gave one tremendous peal, and were then all sent, metaphorically, to Rome, to be blessed by the Pope. In the evening the whole populace were abroad, and performed the circuit of the churches. In these were represented, in wax figures, all the last scenes in the life of our Saviour. In one church we found a representation of the garden of Gethsemane, in the midst of which knelt a figure overpowered with dismay, while near by stood an angel with a cup in hand, and a tear in its eye.

In another church we encountered the Court of Pilate. There stood the accusers, with menace in their attitudes, and malice in their looks; there stood the accused, in meekness and conscious innocence; and there bowed a servant with a washbowl and napkin in his hand, that the Roman governor might wash himself of guilt in the transaction. The whole representation was one that would much better become the nursery than a church. In another of the largest churches we found a representation of the last supper. At each plate was a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine; while the table itself was loaded with all the fruits, fish and fowls of the Lima market. A gourmand might have gazed with interest, but a self-denying Christian would have turned away with indescribable surprise and pain.

In other churches still, the tomb and the Roman guard were represented. During Friday night the military patrolled the principal streets, with their guns trailed, and a band playing the dead march. On Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, all the bells came back from Rome, and rung out a simultaneous exultation to represent the resurrection. Then was there one universal burst of joy. Men, women, and children all seemed to vie with each other in the amount of hilarity which they could express. The priests clapped their hands and ran about here and there, like men in the ecstasies of some paradisaical dream; and even the bare-footed monks forgot, for a few hours, to beg.

These jubilations continued through the day, and poured themselves, at evening, in a living tide on the great public square. The whole area of this grand "Plaza" was filled with a mixed multitude of all classes, who sent up through the moon-lit night a roar of mirth. The square was surrounded with stands, from which were served meats, fruits, cakes and liquors, of every description. Around these were grouped hundreds, who were evidently breaking their long Lent. Some were laughing, some shouting, some eating, some drinking, some fiddling, some dancing, some fighting, and some making love. This continued till daylight on Sunday morning. Thus closed Lent, and the celebration of the Resurrection!

As this is a Roman Catholic country, and this a Roman Catholic festival, I wish you would ask my friend, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes, if the celebration has his sanction. Ask him also, if, in case the Roman Catholic faith should predominate in the United States, the resurrection is to be represented and celebrated in this manner among us?

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE TWO SISTERS.

"As mine own shadow was this child to me,  
A second self, far dearer, and more fair."—*Shelley.*

I WAS born in the village of Offingham, of which my father was the vicar. I have lived long, and have visited many lovely spots, and been the inmate of many happy homes; but never have I seen on earth a paradise like this, my early home. The village was a small sequestered spot, far from the bustling world; our house was an old-fashioned stone dwelling, with deep mullion windows, tall chimneys, and small projecting turrets; a broad terrace ran along the front, from which a bank of soft green turf sloped to the lawn beyond. The house was covered to its roof with myrtles and roses, and the garden was a wilderness of sweet flowers and shrubs. Yet lovely as was the scene without, within there was a far greater charm—peace and content reigned undisturbed. I have often since wondered whether my parents, up to the time at which my tale begins, had known what sorrow was; my remembrance of them is like that of a soft yet brilliant evening sky, where not a cloud chequers the deep blue vault of heaven, or casts a shadow on the earth beneath. I cannot recall one look of sadness on their faces, or remember one anxious or discordant word. Heaven's own peace brooded o'er the house.

But sorrow comes to all sooner or later; and how heavily it falls on the heart grown old in happiness and prosperity! Life opened brightly on me amidst these influences: a happier, gayer child never gladdened its parents' hearts. Soon after I had attained my seventh year, I was awakened early one morning by an unusual commotion in the house. People were hurrying past my door; I heard voices speaking in subdued tones in the passage, and amongst them recognized my father's, giving hurried directions to the servants. An undefined sense of coming evil fell on my spirit; I lay still, scarcely daring to breathe, watching with a beating heart the time when my nurse would come to dress me. Several hours must have elapsed; all was so silent, that even to me, young as I was, the suspense became insupportable: I sprang from my bed, and stealing along the corridor, knocked softly at the door of my mother's room. A strange woman opened it: seeing me, she bent down and whispered, "Go to bed, miss, your mamma is very ill." But I would not be repulsed; and pushing past her, entered the darkened chamber. When my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, I saw my mother lying very still and pale, and my father sitting on the bed beside her, with his head buried in his hands; on a chair by the fire sat my nurse, with a baby on her knee. I did not cry, though my little heart was bursting with emotion; but creeping gently round the bed, I said, "Harris, may I speak to mamma?" I think my father must have heard my voice; for with a convulsive sob he said, "Take her away!" I was led back to my room, and desired to lie still

until Harris came to me. I cried bitterly when left alone, but fell asleep while listening for her step. It is needless to dwell on that time. By degrees I was made to understand the truth: my mother had given birth to a little girl, and expired a few hours afterwards. It is difficult, even for a mind inured to these bereavements, to comprehend at first their full extent; how much less can a child realize the truth of such afflictions. They told me that my mother was dead—that I should see her no more on earth. I saw the hearse that bore her away; her chair stood empty by the fireside, and I no longer heard her sweet voice in the house; and yet I believed that I should see her again; and often in the daytime I went to her favorite haunts in the garden, hoping to find her there; and whenever, in the silence of the evening, I could escape from observation, I stole into her room with an assured certainty that she would have come back: not finding her as I expected, I lay down on her bed, and cried bitterly.

Sorrow cannot, however, dwell long in the heart of a child; and mine was soon dispelled by the smiles of my little sister. I could not understand the silent abstraction of my father: his grief was too deep to seek relief from any earthly source; he shut himself up in his study, and allowed no one to enter; he never asked for his children, and I observed that the baby was carefully kept from his sight. Long and fearful must have been the struggle in my father's soul: the wife who had cheered and blest his home was gone, and life for him had lost its brightness. In the first anguish which her loss occasioned, he refused all comfort; but succeeding months brought calmer thoughts; his children, *her children*, remained to him; for their sake he would rouse himself, and devote the remainder of his life to their improvement, and strive, by redoubled tenderness, to supply the loss they had sustained. Selfishness was foreign to his nature, and even in grief he forgot himself in the desire to benefit those around him. The house gradually resumed its cheerfulness; and though we never ceased to feel the change that had fallen on our home, yet we were once again a merry, happy family.

As I grew older, my father saw the necessity of placing me under the control of some judicious lady: the rough and fearless girl, the playmate of many brothers, needed the guidance of a female friend. And never was choice more fortunate than that made for me: Miss Franklin became a blessing to us all. Quietly and gently she assumed the management of the household, and we soon unhesitatingly obeyed; for we respected as well as loved her. Even the impetuous spirit of my brothers yielded to her mild control. I never remember any contention between them; she seemed at once to command their obedience, and to guide them as she chose. With me, no authority was needed: I followed wherever she led, an unquestioning and devoted pupil: to be near her, to listen to her words of kindness and instruction, became the chief pleasure of my life. I had dreaded her



arrival, and with childish waywardness had determined not to love her myself; and, above all things, not to allow her to tyrannize over my darling Amy. This sister had already become the first object of my life: I loved her passionately, and had constituted myself her teacher, and controller of all that concerned her; I therefore looked upon Miss Franklin as an unwelcome interloper, a rival in my power over Amy. I met her with little courtesy, and am afraid showed very plainly my predetermined intention of disliking her. It was not, however, in the power of mortal to resist Miss Franklin; at least it was far beyond mine; and I not only yielded myself submissively to her guidance, but, what was far more difficult, learned by degrees to see her gaining influence over Amy. This child loved her with an energy peculiar to her nature, and I felt at times a pang I cannot describe in seeing her growing partiality for Miss Franklin, whose gentle and undemonstrative manners won Amy's love, whilst my own vehement caresses were received with careless indifference. I endured all the torments of jealousy, for Amy's love was the only thing on earth I really cared for; yet, in the midst of my unhappiness, I do not think that I was ever unjust to Miss Franklin. I never blamed her, for I felt her superiority; and while I mourned Amy's preference, I could not but acknowledge how wise it was. I think few people understand how deeply and silently a child may suffer: childhood is regarded as the gay, buoyant period of life; and those alone who make children their study, can tell what a world of joy and sorrow, of struggle and suffering, lies in their little hearts. Insignificant as the events of their baby-life may seem to the matured mind of man, they are all-important in themselves, as the means by which the child is trained for the coming duties of life. From this want of entering into their feelings, I have seen many a one punished for sullenness, when a word of sympathy in its little grief would have saved its temper from the ordeal of unjust correction. At this period of my life, had my silence and irritability been misconstrued, how might my character have suffered! But Miss Franklin read my heart, traced each feeling to its source, and checked the evil that was springing. "Fanny," she said one day when I had long sat moodily at work, "I wonder what you love best in the world?"

"Oh, Miss Franklin, how can you ask? Amy, to be sure; I love Amy better than the whole world beside."

"I am sure you *think* so; but tell me what you mean by love? I think our definitions of the word would differ strangely."

I remained silent, for indeed I did not understand her question. My love for Amy seemed a part of my very life; and I could no more define the feeling, than I could have analyzed the beams of light which shone from the bright sun above our heads. I looked up inquiringly, I believe, for Miss Franklin continued, "Your love for Amy springs from love of yourself, not from pure devotion to your sister: you love her as your plaything, as the

creature over whom you have a fancied right. That readiness to yield our own wishes to promote the happiness of others, which I regard as an essential attribute of pure disinterested love, I do not see in you. When Amy is happy with me, and in the simplicity of her heart shows a preference for my company to yours, a cloud gathers on your brow, and the color mounts to your cheeks. Dearest Fanny, this is not love; it is selfishness."

I was deeply mortified, and Miss Franklin, who never willingly wounded the feelings of any one, dropped the subject. I never, however, forgot her words, and as I grew older, I felt them influence my actions more and more. Amy's welfare and happiness became dearer to me than my own, and gradually I learned to feel the bliss of resigning my own desire to hers. It was Miss Franklin's continual study, as we grew older, to render us dependent on each other for amusement and happiness; and often she would say, "Fanny, when I leave you, you must be Amy's guardian friend; she needs your care; the gay, volatile child cannot yet stand alone; to you she must look for everything." I have since felt that the chief aim Miss Franklin had in view, in all her instruction, was to give a right direction to the love I bore my sister, to render me a safe guide and judicious friend to the creature whose beauty and talent already threatened to be dangers in her path. Amy was the idol of the house; caressed and spoiled by all, she manifested the faults peculiar to a child thus situated. To make me aware of these faults, to point out to me the perils that beset her, was Miss Franklin's constant endeavor. It was as if a foreshadowing the peculiar trials that were to be our portion was ever present to her soul. Alas! how soon were my prudence and wisdom to be tested.

My father's health had been long failing. In spite of his efforts to shake off grief, it had slowly done its work; he was no longer young when my mother died, and the ravages made in his constitution by sorrow for her loss were never repaired. He gradually became feebler, and Miss Franklin did not conceal from me the knowledge that death was fast approaching. My brothers had all quit-  
ted our home: one by one they had taken their places in the world. Two were already in India, one at college, and the youngest was studying engineering in a distant town. I was therefore the only child left to comfort my father's declining days. I look back with melancholy pleasure to the hours I spent with him at this period. I was old enough to be his friend and companion, and he loved to pour out his heart to me. He talked of his early days, of my mother, of the unbounded happiness they had enjoyed together, of her death, and all that he had since suffered. The thought of rejoining her was ever present to his mind; and as I listened to his hopeful trust in the mercy of God, and his glad anticipation of a reunion with her he had lost, I learned the best lessons of religion.

With his own thankfulness to depart and be



at rest, however, mingled many an anxious feeling for his daughters. "My boys," he would say, "must fight their own way in the world; for them I am content; but for you, Fanny, and for my little Amy, I often tremble: yet why distrust our Father's love! When I am gone, will he not still remain, an all-sufficient Friend, the orphan's sure Protector? Trust in His goodness, my child; He will never fail you."

Then he would talk to me of Amy—that precious legacy bequeathed by his dying wife; and with tears in his eyes entreat me never to leave her; to watch over her, and be her guide, adding these words, which sank deep into my soul, and became the spring of my future actions, "Live for your sister; study her happiness before your own: thus when we meet in heaven, you may present her to the mother who died in giving her birth, with the joyful consciousness that you have faithfully fulfilled your mission on earth."

Soon after this my father died; the lonely desolation of the weeks that followed his decease I will not describe. I was stunned by the blow; but soon recognizing the importance of my task, I roused myself to fulfil the duties which now devolved upon me. Had it not been for my excellent friend Miss Franklin, all my efforts would have failed; she was my support, my counsellor; in the painful arrangements which followed our bereavement, she spared me every needless pang; and, consulting with my brothers, she arranged our future plan of life. It was of course necessary to quit the vicarage immediately, as the new incumbent was impatient to take possession. The property destined for us was invested in the hands of my eldest brother, a merchant in Calcutta, and had been the nucleus of his present immense fortune. The interest was carefully remitted to us, and as far as pecuniary means went, we were without anxiety. A pretty cottage, which had formed part of my mother's fortune, was chosen for our future residence. With an aching heart I left the home of my happy childhood; in spite of my better reason, a foreboding of coming evil seized upon me; and as I entered the carriage that was to convey us to our new abode, I felt as if all my happiness were left behind in the dear old vicarage we were quitting. It was not so, however; though sorrow and difficulty awaited me, and long years of self-denial and labor were in store for me, yet peace and content lay beyond. In the severe school of adversity, my spirit gained strength and vigor; and the blessedness which accompanies every act of self-sacrifice, the peace which attends every conscientious effort to perform the painful duties of life, were eventually to be my portion.

We were so far happy as to retain our dear friend with us for some years, until I was old enough to take upon myself the full responsibility of directing our little household. I had attained my twentieth year when she left us. She had, for our sake, postponed her marriage with one to whom she had been long and devotedly attached, and whose urgent and reiterated claim upon her

she felt it wrong longer to resist. Her loss was irreparable; but we could not oppose her departure. In quitting Amy and myself, she had the happiness of seeing us united in the closest bonds of affection; sisters in heart and soul, firm and faithful friends. Her lessons had not been lost on either of us. Amy was the joy and pride of my life. Often as I looked at her, I thought how easy was the duty my father had bequeathed me, and recalled the solemnity of his manner with a smile. Alas, alas, for the weakness of human nature! the struggle was yet to come.

Miss Franklin had not quitted us more than a few months, and we were already planning a visit to our friend in her new home, when one morning a letter was put into my hand, the contents of which struck dismay to my heart. Hastily folding it, I rose, and with all the self-command I could assume, walked to my own room. There I again read the letter: it was all true. In plain, legible characters I saw that ruin—worldly ruin—stared us in the face. It contained the news of the death of our brother in India, and at the same time announced to us that, as he died insolvent, all remittances would henceforth cease. The business-like tone of the letter struck a chill sense of the extent of our calamity home to my very heart. I buried my face in my hands, and for a while brooded in utter hopelessness over the fate before us. All passed in rapid vision before my mind: poverty, with all its attendant miseries; poverty, not for myself alone—that I could have faced—but for Amy, my sister, the child of so much tender love—the gay, bright, sunny creature, whose step bounded over the earth as if it yielded nought but flowers—must the chill hand of penury blight her young life, and wither ere its prime that bud of promise! The thought had agony in it. Then did my father's solemn injunction recur to me, nerving my heart to bear, and strengthening my soul to do, all that might be demanded from me. In that moment I bound myself to shrink from no effort, to dare all things, so that my beloved sister might be shielded from the impending evil. I prayed for strength, I implored Heaven to guide and aid me in my firm resolve. As I rose from my knees, the sound of her sweet voice came from the garden beneath. "Fanny, sister," it said, "what keeps you away from me so long? I am waiting for you." I hastened to join her; and with all the calmness I could command, told her of our misfortune. The gentle girl scarcely comprehended the meaning of my words; but seeing the sorrowful expression of my face, she laid her head upon my shoulder, and with her sweetest smile said, "We may be poor, dear Fanny, but we shall still be together; poverty cannot separate us." I clasped her to my heart: "No, Amy, our hearts can never be disunited." I already felt that we must part, and her unconscious words pierced me to the soul.

I wrote to our dearest friend, now Mrs. Wentworth, begging her advice. The next day brought her to us, and again she stood between us and

sorrow. She saw that we could no longer keep up our little establishment, and wisely counselled us to give it up at once. She arranged all for us; and after seeing everything put in a right train, she carried us to her house, where we were welcomed with cordial kindness by her husband.

I had now leisure to think on the course I must pursue. My brothers were all involved with ourselves in this ruin, and were, moreover, either married, and with families dependent on them, or still struggling to establish themselves in the world: we could look for no help from them. For the first time I stood alone. I could not ask advice from Mrs. Wentworth; she would hear of nothing but our remaining with her and her husband, and this I could not listen to. Their means were limited, and I could not consent to be a burden to our friends. God had given me strength and health; to the liberality of my father, and the care of Miss Franklin, I owed an excellent education; and I felt that I could myself maintain Amy. For her sake labor would be sweet. I resolved to seek for a situation as a governess; and though well knowing the trials and difficulties of such a career, I felt as if the motive would give me courage to meet them all. The thought that my dear sister was safe from harm would animate my drooping spirit, and send me on my way rejoicing. Having taken my resolution, I sought Mrs. Wentworth. At first she opposed my plan, bringing forward all the difficulties it would entail upon me, all the sacrifices I must make, and urging me, with the warmth of a loving friend, not to leave the home she offered me. Seeing that my purpose was unalterably fixed, and in her heart, I am sure, approving the spirit that urged me to seek an independence, she gradually yielded. I accepted, without hesitation, her proposal, that Amy should remain under her care. With her I knew my sister would be happy, and in no other situation could I have been satisfied to leave her. Amy was now thirteen, and from her peculiar disposition, needed the guidance of one who understood her well. Proud and haughty by nature, she would have been a tyrant had she not lived with those whom she respected and loved, whose intellectual as well as moral superiority she was compelled to acknowledge. With a warm, enthusiastic temperament, she loved the few to whom she gave her affection with passionate devotion, and by this love she could be guided like a little child. Mrs. Wentworth and myself alone possessed this power over Amy, and to her I gratefully confided my treasure.

It so happened that my friends had been applied to a few weeks before to find a governess for two little girls whose mother, from delicacy of health, was obliged to give up the charge of their education. The situation promised many advantages, and I thankfully accepted it. My hardest task still remained. As yet, Amy was ignorant of my design. I knew that she would oppose it with vehemence; her pride would rebel against the idea of her sister's becoming a governess; while her generous nature would shrink from the thought

that, while she remained idle, I was laboring for her advantage. It was long before I could make her listen patiently to my reasons: she clung to me, and with passionate sobs intreated me not to "degrade" myself—to stay with her. Finding arguments fail, I determined to appeal to her feelings, and gently told her that, by such conduct, she rendered my task doubly difficult; that without her assistance I did not feel equal to the duty that lay before me; that she must try to help me to do that which I was sure her better judgment would show her to be right. She looked wistfully at me through her tears, and struck with the calm sadness of my manner, "Fanny," she said, "I am very selfish. While you are thinking only of me, I am making you more unhappy. Kind sister! teach me to be like you; teach me how I may help you, and you shall not find me ungrateful or unworthy of all your goodness." I then explained to her the various reasons that rendered the step necessary; to which she gradually yielded her assent, ever repeating, however, that when she was old enough, she would work for me; to which I answered, we would then work together. This thought seemed to cheer her, and she soon regained her wonted gaiety.

I will not dwell upon our parting, nor detail the many trials that awaited me in my new abode. I am sure that it was the desire of the whole family amongst whom I now became domesticated to be kind and considerate; but none except those who have tried this mode of life can know the lonely feelings that attend it. To exchange a happy home, in which I had been the loved and honored mistress, for the chill and enforced courtesy of strangers, was painful enough; but more than all did I suffer from the contrast between my pupils and my darling Amy. At first, it seemed all labor in vain to endeavor to influence these wild and giddy creatures, and often have I wept to think how little success attended my utmost efforts. I was, however, but a novice in the work of education; and had yet to learn, that before the seed-time comes, the ground must be weeded and tilled, or the harvest will fail. I have lived to see my dear pupils grow into sensible and refined women, and to bless God that I did not abandon my task as hopeless.

The neighborhood in which Sir William Monkton's residence was situated was peculiarly devoid of society, and Lady Monkton's health rendered all formal visiting impossible; the monotony of our life was therefore seldom broken in upon, except by intercourse with the curate of the parish, who was a frequent and ever-welcome guest. He was one of those rarely-endowed beings whom it is a privilege to know, whose presence exerts a powerful influence on all around him; one whose graceful manners and gentlemanly deportment are but the external signs of a pure heart and a cultivated mind. He devoted himself, with heart and soul, to the high profession which had been his early choice; every talent, every energy was absorbed in the fulfilment of the duties it imposed upon him. He was idolized by the poor, while the rich and

educated never failed to leave his society the better for his cheerful, earnest conversation and unostentatious piety. At Monkstown his company was welcome to all: in the weary hours of languor and suffering which composed the life of poor Lady Monkton, his presence cheered and supported her; from his lips she learned lessons which turned her sorrows into joy: to Sir William he was a frank and intelligent companion; while his playful humor rendered him a favorite with the little girls. Such was Herbert Somerville when I first became acquainted with him. I saw him day after day, and soon found in his kind sympathy the best support under the trials of my new position. He aided and encouraged my efforts to fulfil its duties, and by always setting before me the purest motives for my actions, made me feel that even Amy's welfare must be subservient to the higher desire of doing the will of God. He taught me to look for happiness alone in the endeavor to do what is right and well-pleasing in the sight of Him who searches the hearts of men; and while he thus elevated my moral nature, he led me on to new and vigorous mental efforts, by opening to me the higher walks of science and literature. Our intercourse became more and more intimate; and it will scarcely be matter of surprise that, as I esteemed him more, I unconsciously learned to love him. I have heard many people call it unmaidenly in a girl thus to bestow her affection unsolicited by the object of her choice; but it seems to me that those who so condemn know little of the innocence and singleness of mind which form that peculiar charm of the female character. I do not speak of those who are trained in the school of the world—who, living amidst its artificial glare, early imbibe a spirit foreign to the native purity of woman—but of the many who walk along the calm, unfrequented paths of life, ignorant alike of the ambitious aims and heartless vices of the world beyond. In the breast of such, love springs unconsciously, and has already grown to be the master-passion of her nature ere chance betrays it to herself. Thus it was with me; I walked beside an abyss, heedless of danger.

Let me, before proceeding further, exculpate Herbert from all blame, which others, in compassion for my subsequent sufferings, may feel disposed to attribute to him. He never, by word or look, showed me a preference that could have misled one better versed in the world's ways than I was. His affectionate interest in me was such as a brother feels for a dear sister; and when, taught by experience, I retraced his actions, I felt that his kindness sprang from friendship, not from love.

I had resided five years in Sir William Monkton's family, during which time I had frequently visited my dear sister. Each time I saw her, I felt increased surprise and delight at the progress I perceived in her mind, as well as at her surpassing beauty. Her face, lighted by the lamp within, beamed with a radiant loveliness, which nothing but the rare union of high mental power with the

gentler virtues of the heart can give. Her form was instinct with grace—that native grace which emanates from a pure and lofty soul, and breathes in every gesture. She was indeed a creature to command the highest admiration, and at the same time win her way to all hearts. On my return from these visits to Mrs. Wentworth, I could not refrain from speaking to my pupils of Amy. They had often expressed a strong desire to see her. Lady Monkton now joined in the wish, and at her request I wrote to invite my darling sister to Monkstown. She joyfully accepted the invitation so kindly given, and soon became the favorite of the house. Never did a mother watch a child with more proud delight than I followed this gay and joyous being, as she moved along, attracting universal admiration.

It was not long before I saw one eye bent upon her with such an earnest gaze that I started as I beheld it. How could it be? I had eagerly desired that Herbert should see my Amy—should admire and love her; it had seemed the one thing needful to my happiness that these two should know and love each other. As day by day passed on, I felt increasing disquietude; my eye restlessly followed Amy whenever Herbert approached her; and a chill sensation crept through me as I saw him pay her those nameless attentions which bespeak the existence of love. Amy's manner of receiving them proved to me how well she appreciated Herbert's noble qualities of mind and heart; I saw that they already loved, and my reason told me they were worthy of each other. Suddenly the truth was revealed; I discovered in the same moment that I too loved, and that he whose priceless heart I would have died to win, already loved another—that other, my own sister Amy. In the stillness of the night did my soul vent its bitter anguish; the first wild burst of grief had subsided, the tumult of feelings too fearful to be dwelt on had been appeased, and my father's voice again, in the deep silence of that midnight hour, sounded in my ears, "Live for your sister; study her happiness before your own." Alas! alas! the moment was come in which I could only insure her happiness by the sacrifice of my dearest earthly hopes. "Yes, father!" I exclaimed, "with God's help I will redeem my pledge;" and falling on my knees, I poured forth my soul in prayer and supplication for wisdom and strength to fulfil the arduous task imposed upon me.

With renewed powers I now began to survey the position I held. One comfort I had—that no one ever suspected the love I had cherished in secret; it must be my first object so to control my feelings, that none might ever guess the sacrifice I must make. I trembled to think of the watchfulness it would require to veil my heart's secret from Amy—from her who had ever read my soul, and from whom no thought had been concealed. I foresaw that I should become the confidant of both parties, and I nerved myself for the task. If I could once see them happily united, I thought I should then have rest; but how to meet the suf-



fering which lay between this time and that which would see the sacrifice accomplished! Amidst such reflections I passed the night; the morning with its cold gray light dawned in the east; the time for action was approaching. I could not feign illness, for what illness would have kept my faithful Amy from my side! and it was her searching glance I now shrank from encountering. Sweet, innocent, guileless Amy! Happy in the first consciousness of being loved, she was less alive to any change in me than she would otherwise have been; and thus I was spared many a pang. I do not shrink from the avowal that at times my courage failed; there were moments when the effort of concealment seemed too great for me, when I longed to lay my burden down at their feet and die. My hope in life, or aught it could bring me, was dead. Amy no longer required me; she had found in Herbert a friend and guide whose love was more to her than mine; and though she would indignantly have spurned the idea, yet I felt that my work was done. I have lived to see that this was but a morbid, selfish feeling. The work of life to one earnestly resolved to do his duty can never end; and at this moment while I write, though age has dimmed my sight, and left me helpless and alone as far as the severance of earthly ties can leave us so, yet do I wait in patient hope of still further usefulness to my fellow-creatures. God spares the withered tree with wise design; let us not mar it by our selfish murmurings.

In a few months Amy and Herbert were betrothed. From the moment in which I first became aware of their mutual attachment, I never wished it otherwise. I labored to promote their happiness; I listened to the outpourings of these two hearts devoted to each other; I strove to awaken in Amy's sanguine nature a due sense of the cares and responsibilities she was taking upon herself; taught her to perceive the finer shades of beauty which lay beneath the reserve of Herbert's nature; tutored my mind once more to listen to her praises from his lips without a shudder; and learned, after many struggles, to live for them alone.

At length the day arrived on which I was to give up all claim to Amy, and resign her to a husband's care. The habit of self-command had, by hourly practice, become so strong, that I did not flinch even at this most trying time. The wedding was to take place from the house of our beloved friend, Mrs. Wentworth, who in this, as in all former events of our lives, acted a mother's part to us. The morning of the important day dawned brightly. I assisted my beautiful Amy to array herself in her simple bridal attire, and led her down to her expecting friends. My heart was proud of my lovely sister; and happy in her joy, I forgot myself. I placed her hand in Herbert's, and with a firm voice said, "Herbert, I give to your charge my dearest earthly treasure; love and cherish her, as I have done." The ceremony was performed by our kind friend Mr. Wentworth, and we returned to the parsonage to breakfast. While

I could look on Amy's happy beaming face, it was easy to bear up; but the time of separation came. I saw them depart, and watched the carriage that bore them away with apparent calmness. When it was out of sight, I hurried to my own room; but ere I reached the door, fell heavily to the ground.

Months passed, and still Mrs. Wentworth devised new excuses for keeping me near her. But my pupils had waited for me; Sir William and Lady Monkton, with a kindness unparalleled, refused to fill up my place; and at length I returned to their hospitable house, and resumed my former duties. Herbert and Amy had pleaded eloquently that I should live with them; but this I firmly, though gently resisted. It was a source of heartfelt joy to think of them, to visit them occasionally; but hourly to have witnessed their domestic happiness, would as yet have been a martyrdom. I continued to live for many years at Monkstown, until the marriage of my two pupils left me no pretext for a longer residence there. Lady Monkton's sufferings had ended in a calm and peaceful death soon after my return from Amy's wedding; and though Sir William would have placed me at the head of his house, and given me the honorable title of his wife, my heart too decidedly rejected the thought of marriage to allow me to hesitate for a moment. I declined his proposal, but retained his friendship.

Amy had four lovely children; and conscious of my own strength, I now gladly consented to become the inmate of their home. Years had changed my feelings; Herbert was to me no more than the husband of my beloved Amy—my own kind brother. Their children became my own in heart; I loved them, and devoted myself to their education with an energy I had thought lost to me forever. People often wondered why Miss Jerningham never married, and prophesied that I should yet renounce my self-imposed duties as maiden aunt; but time rolled on, and found me at my post, still zealously and happily employed.

God has lengthened my days beyond the usual span allotted to man. I have survived all my race; I have wept over the graves of the young and the old, as they one by one fell from my side. Some were taken in full maturity; others dropped like blossoms from the tree. But death cannot separate the hearts that truly love. There is a world beyond the tomb where my beloved ones wait for me; there I shall rejoin the spirits that are gone before me—parents, sister, brothers, adopted children of my love, friends—I shall see you all! And now, while I linger here, the thought that the secret of my heart was faithfully kept, my pledge to my father redeemed, and Amy's happiness secured, will gladden my few remaining days. Let those who would be happy themselves, learn that the only means of attaining their end is to devote themselves heart and soul, without the smallest reservation for the idol self, to the welfare and happiness of others.

From Chambers' Journal.

## OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

UNDER the name of "Ocean Penny Postage," Elihu Burritt, that indefatigable apostle of peace—would that he could impress his hatred of war on his own countrymen!—has for some time been agitating the project of extending the penny post to correspondence with America. As the weight of letters on ship-board must be relatively trifling, it does not appear to us that any physical difficulties could stand in the way of such a scheme, and in other respects we feel assured, with Burritt, that there could be no serious obstacles to the undertaking, at least none that would not disappear on an earnest consideration of the subject. Of course this consideration would require to be mutual on the part of the British and North American governments. The real difficulty, we apprehend, will not be found with England, but with the United States, which have not yet obtained even a domestic penny post. In the following observations of Burritt, contained in what he calls "An Olive Leaf for the English People," the argument as to how an ocean penny post "will pay" seems fairly reasoned:—

"In asking England to give the world an ocean penny postage, we do not ask or expect her to sacrifice a single farthing of revenue. Leaving for a while the consideration of the vast benefits which would accrue to commerce, civilization, and Christianity, from an ocean penny postage, let us discuss the important question, whether such a measure be practicable, or, in other words, whether it would *pay*; whether England would derive, directly and indirectly, as much revenue from a penny rate as from the present shilling rate of ocean postage. As the commerce and correspondence between England and America must be greater hereafter than that between any other two sea-divided countries on the globe, and as provisions are made and making for more frequent steam communication between them than between any other two countries divided by such an expanse of water, let us first inquire whether an ocean penny postage would pay, if established between these two kindred countries. In instituting this inquiry, we would present the evidence of certain facts connected with the present and proposed rates of postage between England and America.

1. The present shilling rate of postage, being exacted on the English side too, in all cases, and thus throwing the whole cost of correspondence upon the English or European correspondents, greatly diminishes the number of letters which would otherwise be transmitted to and from America through the English mail.

2. In consequence of the present high rate of postage on letters, newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, &c., a large amount of mail matter conveyed across the ocean lies *dead* in the English post-office—a dead loss to the department—the persons to whom it is addressed refusing to take it out on account of the postal charges upon it.

3. Under the present shilling rate, it is both legal and common for passengers to carry a large number of *unsealed* letters, which are allowed as letters of introduction, and which, at the end of the voyage are sealed and mailed in England or America, to persons who thus evade the ocean postage entirely."

Of the benefits of an ocean penny post, commercial and social, much could be said; as a means of

creating and preserving friendship, it would be invaluable.

"It would," continues Burritt, "put it into the power of every person in America or England to write to his or her relatives, friends, or other correspondents across the Atlantic, as often as business or friendship would dictate or leisure permit.

"It would probably secure to England the whole carrying-trade of the mail matter, not only between America and Great Britain, but also between the new world and the old, forever.

"It would break up entirely all clandestine or private conveyance of mail matter across the ocean, and virtually empty into the English mail-bags all the mailable communications, even to invoices, bills of lading, &c.; which, under the old system, have been carried in the pockets of passengers, the packs of emigrants, and the bales of merchants.

"It would prevent any letters, newspapers, magazines, or pamphlets from lying dead in the English post-office, on account of the rates of postage charged upon them; and thus relieve the department of the heavy loss which it must sustain from that cause under the present system.

"It would enable American correspondents to prepay the postage on their own letters, not only across the ocean, but also from Liverpool or Southampton to any post town or village in the United Kingdom; to prepay it also to *England*, by putting two English penny stamps upon every letter weighing under half an ounce.

"It would bring into the English mail all letters from America directed to France, Germany, and the rest of the continent, and *vice versa*.

"It would not only open the cheapest possible medium of correspondence between the old world and the new, but also one for the transmission of specimens of cotton, woollen, and other manufactures; of seeds, plants, flowers, grasses, woods; of specimens illustrating even geology, entomology, and other departments of useful science; thus creating a new branch of commerce, as well as correspondence, which might bring into the English mail-bags tons of matter, paying at the rate of 2s. 8d. per pound for carriage.

"It would make English penny postage stamps a kind of international currency, at par on both sides of the Atlantic, and which might be procured without the loss of a farthing by way of exchange, and be transmitted from one country to the other at less cost for conveyance than the charge upon money orders in England from one post-office to another, for equal sums."

## SHORT MEASURE IN ENGLAND.

Poon, honest, bluff John Bull! He seems to have fallen into an error. Is this roguery the consequence of his commerce with "drab-coats?" or is it merely on old habit which he cannot leave off? We copy from the *Spectator*.

Some recent proceedings in the drapery trade have ended in the exposure of extreme dishonesty amongst the manufacturers and wholesale houses. The retail dealers have been combining lately to procure a more equitable measurement of various goods supplied to them by the wholesale houses. For this purpose, a meeting was held a few days ago, at which several exporters, were present, to investigate certain allegations against the wholesale dealers. The course of proceeding was, to examine sealed packets of goods which had been sent in;

and the results were rather startling. Among other instances, reels of cotton thread marked "warranted 100 yards" were found to measure respectively 92, 89, 86, and in some cases even as little as 75; while in no single instance did the measurement reach the full standard. In tapes the deficiency was found to be still more considerable: it is usual to make white tapes in lengths of nine yards, one dozen of these lengths being packed in a parcel, and then issued from the wholesale house with the vender's mark upon it as "warranted." On measuring these "nine yard lengths," it was found that in every instance they fell short. In some descriptions the nine-yard lengths were under seven yards, in others under six; whilst another sample, where the tape itself had been stamped at the end in indelible ink as nine yards, there were found to be but 54. Other goods were submitted to the same ordeal with like results. The manufacturers' account of the deception is, that they are compelled to follow the instructions of the wholesale houses; who on their side extenuate their conduct by throwing the blame on the system of competition in respect of low prices, which compels them to resort to dishonest practices. It is some gratification to know that an active movement is in progress to wipe out the stain by adopting at once an honest system.

**COSTLY CHEAPNESS.**—Essays on the false cheapness of the day are written in the characters of death. We may overlook its hollowness when its consequences only come upon us in the shape of waste or bankruptcy; but when against the penny saved is set off a life lost by an appalling mode of execution, we begin to doubt the infallible economy of so-called cheapness.

The prevalent dogma has led us into grievous mistakes. The government, for instance, benignly interfered in railway affairs for the benefit of the working classes, and compelled railways to be cheap; whence a fertile and continuous crop of accidents. The mode in which that result accrued has been made out before now. The interference of government had the immediate effect of enforcing upon railways a lower scale of fares generally than the rates which would naturally have been fixed by the market according to mere facility of production: the consequence was, that by that kind of forcing process, the passenger traffic on railways grew with unnatural rapidity and outran the physical means of providing for it. Railways, engines, and servants, have been overworked. The most frequented lines became insufficient for the pressure of traffic upon them. It is easy to say, "Make more, then;" but we know that, as it is, the moneyed public has been spending money too fast for its own solvency, in the making of railways. On some lines engines could not be made fast enough—extra prices could not extort what there were not workmen enough to make in the most approved establishments. The next consequence is, that ingenuity is taxed to make the excessive traffic fit into time and space so as to produce the least amount of disaster: and ingenuity is not infallible. Crowded traffic and defective engines cause unpunctuality; unpunctuality causes delays, over-driving to make up for delays, and "collision"—"word of fear!" In this railway matter, then, government sowed cheapness and reaped accident.

Again, in the cheap steam-boat affairs, it is clear that excessive cheapness carries with it the condition

of excessive unsafety. Excessive lowness of fare implies lowness of expenditure; and that implies a low scale of service. Accordingly, the additional evidence in the case of the Cricket places beyond a doubt the fact that the servants entrusted with the management of the engine and the lives of the passengers were men of the lowest cultivation in point of intellect and conscience. The most reckless servants were actually preferred; those who made a practice of tying down the safety-valve—one of them positively knew no better than to suppose that that was the proper way of working an engine!—were retained and shielded from reproach; while those who did know better, and remonstrated, were discountenanced and dismissed. The superior officers of the company deliberately adopted the ignorant, stupid recklessness of their worst "engineers." It was an element in the "go-ahead" style of business which made the small returns pay; it was an ingredient in the boasted "cheapness."

Yet after all, death itself is scarcely so terrible as ridicule, especially when the ridicule is self-incurred and self-reflecting. The pending investigations on the linen-drapery trade are as pregnant with instruction as the disasters on rail and river. The "economical" housewife piques herself on beating down the tradesman's prices, chaffering for every odd halfpenny under threat of transferring her custom. The tradesman yields the halfpenny, but pays himself by short measure. Cheapness, however, is still in demand, and the tradesman looks out for the wholesale dealer who will give him goods at the "lowest figure." The wholesale dealer and the manufacturer resort to the short measure compensation; which is at length carried so far as to outrun the retail-dealer's command of face at the counter or calculation of profits on the sale. A hundred yards of cotton, "warranted," turns out to measure but 92, or 86, or 75; a "nine-yards length" of tape may prove to be less than six yards. The tape is a wonder of cheapness to the purchaser—if it were nine yards; but is it so cheap, being only six? The fraud is dissipated with an explosion more shocking to our feelings than that of a disrupted boiler: we thought ourselves so clever, and find ourselves so silly—accomplices in a conspiracy where all are dupes!

**BANK OF ENGLAND.**—The N. Y. Courier, gives this sketch of a part of the course of business in London:

As soon as a house has failed, the Bank of England picks out the bills accepted by that firm, and returning them to the house from whom it has received them, demands instant the amount less the discount for the time they have to run. As the law does not recognize this proceeding, nor furnish any means of compelling acquiescence in the demand it is quite optional with the endorser to comply with it or not; but if he does not comply, or makes even a momentary hesitation in handing bank notes for the undue bills bearing his endorsement, his credit with the bank is ended, and his discount account closed, and the best and easiest source of obtaining accommodation cut off. Under these circumstances, the unfortunate merchant will make strenuous exertions to uphold his credit in this most important quarter.



From Chambers' Journal.

## PASQUIN.

WHAT is a pasquinade?—A squib, a satire, a lampoon, a scurrility. Why is it so called?—Because such *mauvaises plaisanteries* were affixed, by their anonymous authors, to the statue of Pasquin at Rome. For what reason?—For this reason:—

There was once a tailor in the eternal city, whose heart was filled with bitterness as he reflected on the unmerited jibes to which his profession was exposed as if by a general conspiracy of mankind. Maestro Pasquino, for so was he called, could not, for the life of him, imagine what people could find ridiculous in a calling which concerned itself with the grand distinction between the human race and the inferior animals. "The world is mad," cried he at last; "stark, staring mad!" and as he came to this natural conclusion, he set himself to trace the symptoms of folly around him with an enthusiasm which soon amounted to a passion. It was meat and drink to him to see a fool; and soon the echoes of the jests with which he seasoned this repast extended beyond the shopboard, and were heard in the neighboring piazza Navona. All Rome at last crowded to the tailor's studio, which took the place of the apothecaries' shops in the provincial towns of Italy, and became a kind of public exchange for those who would hear or communicate the news of the day.

But this news, it will be felt, took its coloring from the mind of Maestro Pasquino. Everything was converted into materials for mirth or malice. Great lords were no more spared than if they had been so many tailors; prelates and cardinals were unfrocked without ceremony; and even the pope himself set up as a target for the shafts of ridicule. And what recourse could be had, since all was traced to the shopboard of Pasquin? It mattered not who the speakers really were, since Pasquin and his decimal fractions of humanity were the ostensible authors. It was a part of the jest to clothe it in vulgar language, and no one, however much aggrieved, could think of condescending to take vengeance for anything so low. The tongue, at length, was recognized in Rome as at once a safer and sharper weapon than the dagger; and everything, from a personal lampoon to a political libel, was given out as one of the *pasquinate*, or sayings of Maestro Pasquino.

At length the thread of Pasquin's life was severed by the shears of destiny; and then the pontifical government, rejoicing in the fall of its great enemy, cried havoc, and let slip the dogs of the police. Jibing was no joke now. Every man was held responsible for his own jest, and made to laugh for it on the wrong side of his mouth. Humor was buried in the grave of Pasquin—but not for long; for it arose again, as we shall presently see, with his monument. Opposite the tailor's shop-door the kennel was hardly fordable in wet weather, and a large, irregular, oblong block of stone had been laid down across it to serve as a permanent bridge. This block, as happens frequently in Italy, was of marble; and as it lay prone upon the street, half imbedded in the earth, it bore a kind of uncouth resemblance to a human back. The analogy was first detected by the urchins of the neighborhood, who took a fierce pride in trampling upon the effigy of one of the giants of their race; but after the death of Pasquin, a superstitious awe mingled with their triumph, and when the shades of evening had fallen, they were observed to look upon it with suspicion,

and occasionally even to cross over, and, like the Levite, pass on the other side.

At length, in the progress of some improvements that were making in the street, this block of marble was raised out of the kennel, and, to the surprise and joy of the Roman antiquaries, discovered to be a splendid torso. Its place of sepulture was near the piazza Navona, the site of the ancient amphitheatre, were the Emperor Alexander Severus celebrated the Agonalia; and the grand puzzlement was to decide whether it was the remains of a statue of a fighting gladiator—of a Hercules—of an Ajax—or finally, even of a Patroclus carrying a Menelaus, since another torso was found at no great distance, which might originally have been in union with it. Whatever it represented, however, it was esteemed a fine monument of ancient art, and its reputation with connoisseurs continued to increase rather than diminish, till, in the course of another century, it was placed by a critic of some authority above the best remains of antiquity, even the Laocoon and the Belvidere Apollo. We are told, it is true, that a German antiquary took this decision in such bad part, that he was about to box the ears of the panegyrist, whom he believed to be laughing at him; but we shall find that it was the fate of the statue throughout to cause such misunderstandings.

When the kennel-bridge of Maestro Pasquino was discovered to be an antique torso, it was placed upon a pedestal against the Pamphili palace, on the other side of the way; but no change of position could sever its connection with the defunct tailor. The discomfited urchins, looking up in wonder and veneration, gave their great enemy his name; and while the antiquaries were arguing and scolding about its origin, the people decided that it was the statue neither of Hercules, nor Ajax, nor Patroclus, but of Maestro Pasquino. Nay, when the Pamphili palace gave way in 1791 before the construction of that of Orsini, the latter relinquished its own name, like an obsequious heir, and was known thenceforward as the Pasquin palace. This, however, is not to be wondered at, since, at the moment when the mutilated statue was exalted on its pedestal, it was consecrated by the genius of the tailor, that before had seemed buried with him. It spoke with his voice—even with the Doric vulgarities of his tongue; it breathed around his fine and pungent spirit; and every morning the Romans ran in crowds to read on its twisted back the bulletins of Pasquin. Satire, sheltered once more under the venerable name, was now as free as ever. The pontifical police retired discomfited; libels and lampoons became anew the order of the day; and Rome was never off the grin for a moment.

A collection of the sayings of Pasquin would be a curious work; but more curious, we fear, than amusing, since the associations of the time which gave pungency to the wit would now be wanting. A few political squibs are all that are preserved, and even these are not very remarkable to us of the present generation. But Pasquin did not merely speak in his eloquent placards; he assumed, on great occasions, a befitting costume, and became thus one of the *dramatis personæ*. Nor was he always a railer or jester; sometimes, in deference to public honor and virtue, he converted his natural grin into an approving smile. This was a policy which the professional wits of our own day would do well to follow. There is nothing so dull as a jest-book, and nothing so tame and stingless as an unbroken succession of satires. In 1571, when Colonna re-

turned in triumph from the battle of Lepanto, he found Pasquin clothed in warrior's garb, with his helmet surmounted by the watchful dragon, and in his hand the bloody head of the Turkish prince, with a mortal gash on the brow. Twenty years after, when Gregory XIV., on mounting the throne of St. Peter, passed through the street on his way to the Lateran church, he received the homage of Pasquin, who had transformed himself, for the occasion, into a true courtier. He had restored his nose, and his mutilated arm, and wore a gilded helmet; carrying a sword in one hand, and a pair of scales, a horn of abundance, and three loaves, in the other. All this signified generally justice and plenty; but the loaves were a personal compliment to the pope, who had placed loads of bread in the public places, where it was sold to the people at a third of the usual price.

All this, however, is out of the usual character of Pasquin, who generally mingled a sneer even with his commendation. He was a great patron, for instance, of Sixtus V., to whom Rome was indebted for numerous fountains; and he signified his satisfaction with the pontifex magnus by dubbing him *fontifex magnus*. One day a Swiss of the papal guard struck with his halberd a Spanish gentleman, who promptly returned the blow, and with such effect that the Swiss died of the chastisement. Upon this, the pope caused it to be signified to the governor of Rome that he would not dine till justice was done, and that he wished that day to dine early. Everybody knew that it was needless to plead for the criminal's life; but for the honor of his family, the Spanish ambassador and several of the cardinals interceded with the pope to have him decapitated like a gentleman. "He shall be hung!" was the reply; "but in order to diminish the disgrace of the execution, I shall myself assist at the ceremony." The gibbet was accordingly erected under his windows, and when Sixtus V. had his love of justice fully gratified, he went in to dinner, thanking God for his appetite. The next day Pasquin was seen loaded with chains, halberds, gibbets, cords, and wheels; and being questioned on the subject, replied, "It is a ragout I am carrying to excite the appetite of St. Peter." Numerous other pasquinades were directed against the severities of the pope; but they were too much intermingled with the religious heart-burnings of that day to be read with much interest in ours. Sixtus, however, took everything very tranquilly, being aware of the immunities of Pasquin; till, unluckily, the satirist attacked the dignity of his family in the person of his sister Camilla Peretti. This lady, before her brother's elevation, had been indebted to her own exertions in a particular line of industry for her support; and in allusion to the circumstance, Pasquin was one day seen in a very dirty shirt, which he explained by saying that the pope had made his washer-woman a princess. Sixtus made many vain attempts to discover the author of this insult; till at length he offered him his life and a thousand pistoles for a confession, threatening him with the gibbet if he should be denounced by another. The terms were irresistible. The wit immediately presented himself at the Vatican, acknowledged his guilt, and demanded the reward. Sixtus was, as usual, just. He gave him his life, and the promised money; but had his tongue pierced, and his hands cut off on the spot, in order to prevent him from getting into any similar scrape for the future.

This affair, it may be supposed, shut the mouth of Pasquin for a time; but by degrees he resumed

his audacity, till Adrian VI., in a transport of rage, ordered the anonymous joker to be cast into the Tiber. "What!" said he, "in a city where we can shut so closely the mouths of men, is it so difficult an affair to silence a block of marble!" But one of his courtiers turned him from the project, by assuring him that it would be vain to drown Pasquin, since his voice would be heard all the same from the bottom of the river, like that of a frog in a marsh. But the threat appeared to be of more avail than perhaps would have been the actual deed; for it is certain that the spirit which animated the statue became comparatively silent from that moment; and in the present day, the jests of Pasquin are heard only during the sitting of a conclave.

In this brief memorial of Pasquin, it would be improper to omit mention of his rivals. The principal of these was Marforio, a statue discovered about the beginning of the sixteenth century near the arch of Septimius Severus, and eventually placed in the capitol. The connoisseurs quarrelled about its origin as bitterly as about that of Pasquin; but although some would have it to be a Jupiter, some a Neptune, some an Oceanus, &c., it received its popular name from the place where it was found—the Forum of Mars. Pasquin and Marforio were rivals, inasmuch as the one represented the townspeople, and the other the aristocracy; but yet they were likewise comrades and accomplices, lending themselves to each other's jokes, like the clown and pantaloone of a pantomime. This was done by means of questions and answers. When Pasquin, for instance, appeared in the dirty shirt, it was Marforio's cue to ask him what he meant by such an impropriety. In fact the conferences between the two marble jesters became of public importance, and exercised a greater influence over opinion than is commonly imagined. "Be virtuous and humble," says Sabba di Castiglione, "for thus only can you escape the tongues of those two old Romans, natives of Carrara—Maestro Pasquino and Maestro Marforio."

The aristocracy and the townsmen of Rome being thus represented, a third interlocutor was in due time added to the society to speak for the people. This was a *facchino*, found near the church of San Marcello, spouting water from a barrel into a carefully-sculptured shell. It was not, like the others, of ancient origin, being born of a chisel of the fifteenth century; neither was there anything very remarkable in its form; but this made it all the more proper to represent the people. The fashion, however, did not stop here. Babuino, an old figure of a satyr, resembling more a baboon than anything else, (whence its name,) put in its word; and then came the Abbé Sevigi, another statue so called by the populace; and finally, Madona Lucrezia, a colossal female, the object of the rival gallantries of Pasquin and Marforio. The court was at length in dread of a general conversation among the monuments of Rome; but fortunately the fashion extended no further than the six we have mentioned; and even these, after a time, grew tired of repartee, and returned to their marble repose. As for Lucrezia, it has been surmised that, notwithstanding the coldness and hardness of the materials of her heart, she was in reality not untouched by the tender assiduities of her admirers; since, on the 25th of April, in the year 1701, the day of St. Mark, and the festival of Pasquin, she was known to wear a new and elegant bonnet, and to have a lace scarf on her shoulders in the very last taste of the day.

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

THERE is no subject, perhaps, which is so often mentioned, but so little understood by the public in general, as that of the "nerves." How often do we hear all classes of the community refer any unpleasant sensation or fanciful ailment to their being merely nervous; little understanding, however, when they make use of this term, what possible connection there can be between their feelings and their nervous system. Perhaps we shall surprise them when we mention that they can neither eat nor drink, walk nor talk, nor perform any action whatever, either voluntary or involuntary, but through the medium of their nervous system—a "system" the nature and functions of which we shall here endeavor to explain.

In man and other vertebrate animals, the great centre of the function is the brain and spinal marrow; the latter a prolongation of the brain, as it were, down the spine. Now this great centre of nervous matter is endowed with two distinct functions. 1. That of being able to convey *motor power* to the muscles, by whose agency we are enabled to perform all the ordinary actions of the body, all the movements of our limbs. 2. That of sensation, which is of two kinds—*common sensation*, or that feeling of pain which is produced on the injury of any part of our body; and *special sensation*, to which are to be referred the five senses—of feeling, of sight, of hearing, of smelling, and of taste. From this mass of matter, capable of endowing the parts of our bodies with the power of motion, and of feeling or sensation, numerous trunks are sent off to all parts of the human frame—ramifying over its structure to such an inconceivable state of minuteness, that we cannot touch any part of our body with even the point of a needle without being conscious of pain, proving that some part of this great nervous centre has been injured or excited into action.

The great nervous trunk which supplies the lower extremity of man is equal in thickness to his little finger; divide it, and he loses all power of moving his limb, all sense of feeling: the limb, to all intents and purposes, is dead; and, deprived of its nervous influence, mortifies. This power of endowing parts with motion and sensation is situated in two distinct structures, of which the brain and spinal marrow are composed; and anatomists, from their color, are accustomed to call them the *white* and the *gray* matter. In the brain, the gray matter for the most part is external, enclosing in its folds the white matter; whilst in the spinal marrow it is internal, being completely surrounded by the white. Now, as a general rule, all the nervous trunks of the body and their branches, with the exception of nerves of special sensation, are composed of fibres derived from these two sources—that is, from the white and the gray matter; and these nervous trunks are conductors of that *change* produced in the nervous centre by the influence of the *mind*, which gives rise either to motion or sensation. But a most extraordinary fact, and one which is capable of being proved by direct experiment, is, that the change which takes place, to give rise to the phenomena of motion, has its origin at the great nervous centre, the source from which the trunks arise; and further, that this change takes place in the white matter. On the other hand, the change which gives rise to the phenomena of sensation takes place at the extremities of the nervous trunks—that is, at

their ultimate distribution; and this change takes place in the gray matter.

The anatomist, in his dissections, is able to prove satisfactorily the origin of these nervous trunks; and he finds that all those arising from the spinal marrow, and most of those which are said to arise from the brain, do so by two roots, one of which is connected with the white matter, and the other with the gray. He can and has still further proved, by experiments performed on the living animal, that irritation by pinching or pricking of the root which arises from the white matter gives rise to no sensation, as the animal shows no signs of suffering whatever; but irritate the root arising from the gray matter, and evident signs of suffering are immediately induced. Again: if in the dead animal we excite muscular contraction by means of galvanism, we must send the charge of electricity through the limb by means of the root arising from white matter, as no effect would be produced if we attempted to do it by means of the root arising from the gray. Allowing, then, the fact, that these nervous trunks are composed of two sets of fibres, one conveying sensitive, the other motor influence, let us apply it to practice.

Some part of the body meets with an injury—a change is immediately effected in the extremities of the sentient fibres, sensation is developed, and the change thus induced is conveyed by the sentient fibre to the brain, and through its medium to the mind. Through the mysterious agency of the mind, then, the motor power of the great nervous centre is brought into action, and a change is induced; this change is conveyed by the trunks to the muscles supplying the injured parts, or to other muscles, by whose combined action it is removed from further injury. But it is not necessary that an injury should be inflicted that motor influence should be generated, as the mind has the power of inducing it at will. All the movements of our bodies are effected by muscular action, and through the agency of the will. We move not a hand or foot, nor look at an object, without the mind having first willed that it shall be done.

But there are many actions in the human body which are performed independently of the will, though evidently under the influence of the mind, and through the medium of a nervous system; and this system is called by the anatomist the *sympathetic*. It consists of a number of little knot-like bodies called by the anatomist *ganglia*, which are extended along each side of the vertebral column—the whole of these ganglia being connected, by means of fibres, together. Now, it appears that each of these ganglia is capable of generating nervous influence, independently of the brain; hence each may be considered as a distinct nervous centre. The trunks arising from these ganglia are distributed principally to all those organs on which the vitality of the body depends, which are employed in secretion and its nutrition. It is the medium by which all parts of the body are brought into relation with each other, so that no one part shall become diseased or injured without the rest sympathizing with it, and indirectly, therefore, becoming affected as well. Familiar examples of this fact are of every-day occurrence: a violent blow on the head will produce vomiting, owing to the sympathy which exists between the brain and stomach; and *vice versa*, a blow on the stomach will produce fainting, and even death, from the shock to the nervous system, and the arrest of its influence through the medium of the brain.



And now let us turn our attention once more to the influence of the mind over the functions of the body, through the agency of this part (the sympathetic) of the nervous system. We will here select a few familiar examples. What is referred to when one's mouth is said to be "watering" at the sight of some favorite fruit or food, is dependent on the influence of the mind acting through the medium of the nervous system supplying the organs secreting the saliva. Tears, again, are abundantly secreted under the moderate exciting influence of the emotions of joy, grief, or tenderness. When, however, the exciting cause is violent, they are suppressed; hence, in excessive grief, the anguish of the mind is lessened on the flow of tears. Fear stops the flow of saliva; and it is a common practice in India to detect a thief among the native servants by putting rice into their mouths, and he whose mouth is driest after a short time is considered the culprit. Under mental anxiety, persons become thin; freedom from it favors deposit of fat. It would be an endless task, however, to recapitulate the many examples that could be brought forward proving this influence of the mind; so that nervous complaints must be looked upon as disorders of the mind, and not of the body; cure the one, and you will cure the other.

*Mental influence* having then this power over the functions of the body, we cannot be surprised at many diseases being a consequence of its depraved or abnormal condition. Nor can we be surprised at many of the remarkable phenomena displayed by mesmerists: their patients on whom they exhibit are generally highly sensitive, with minds naturally liable to become excited under the manipulations of the operator. For this reason, also, homœopathy, hydropathy, &c., have succeeded in curing many patients of their fancied ailments, because it only required some strong excitement to remove the morbid mental impression. Hence change of scene and diet, change of usual habits, (for all the followers of these systems make it imperative on their patients to follow implicitly certain rules,) and lastly, and not least, a full determination, desire, or will on the part of the patient himself to get better—have succeeded, in a variety of complaints arising from mental causes, in effecting a cure.\*

From the Manchester Examiner.

#### THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF LEIGH HUNT.

Or all living English writers, there is not one towards whom there exists a more general feeling of kindness and gratitude than Leigh Hunt. This friendly gratitude has arisen from the peculiar characteristics of his writings—from their sympathy and genuine cordiality—their cheerful, hopeful tone—in short, their fulness to overflowing with that spirit which is best expressed by the beautiful but neglected old English word "loving-kindness." We know of no writer who has done more to make hearths and homes happy by peopling them with pleasant thoughts; for he quickens us into a livelier consciousness of our blessings, and communicates to our ordinary duties, and the simple objects of our daily wayside walk, a freshness and interest which it becomes a kind of grateful duty to him to acknowledge.

The tendency of all that Leigh Hunt has written is to *cheerfulize* existence. He reconciles us to

\*The reader will receive this explanation of mesmeric phenomena as a hypothesis representing only the individual opinion of the writer of the above paper.—Ed.

ourselves, draws off our minds from remote visions of some future possible good, or painful remembrances of the past, and fixes our attention upon the actual blessings and privileges about us. He is one of the best teachers we know of that kind of contentment and gratitude which arises from a thankful recognition of those minor joys by which all of us are more or less surrounded, and to the value of which most of us are by far too insensible. And then with what a delicate and fine touch he pierces our selfishness! In what a kindly way he convinces us of our uncharitableness, and puts to rout our self-indulgent fallacies! With what a jovial hilarity he banters us out of our moroseness, and laughs at our ill-humor, until at last we are ashamed of our weakness, and determine to be wiser and better for the future! We never rose from a few hours' perusal of any of his charming books, without a sense of obligation to him for stimulating to a desire of generous activity those sympathies which habit and daily contact too often render languid and inert. Everything that comes from his pen is refreshing, and full of good will to all the world. A belief in good, the recognition of universal beauty, and "a brotherly consideration for mistake and circumstance," will be found pervading every essay he has written. To minds disturbed, or set on edge by crosses and disappointments, we know of no more effectual soother than "a course" of Leigh Hunt. His own buoyant spirit is a fine example of the impossibility of crushing the heart of a true man, be his misfortunes and hardships ever so severe; and no man has suffered the rubs of fortune more bravely than he has done. A popular writer once spoke of him as "the gray-headed boy whose heart can never grow old." Those who are familiar with his writings will recognize the truthfulness of this remark, and remember how this perpetual youthfulness of feeling shows itself, in a thousand different ways, throughout all his works.

Another winning peculiarity of Leigh Hunt's writings is their frank, friendly, conversational tone—the pleasantly-egotistical and almost confidential manner in which he tells us every now and then of his own private notions and sentiments—so that we begin to fancy he is addressing *ourselves* in particular, and not his readers in general. There is such an easy, fireside way about him, that it is like talking with an old intimate friend. He runs on from one theme to another with the most sprightly exuberance—now discussing with hearty sympathy the merits of Chaucer or Spenser, or some other old poet, and pointing out to us the beauty and true meaning of a favorite passage—now bringing out the sentiment of an ancient classical story, or dwelling upon his first impressions of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments—then, perhaps, entering into a curious speculation regarding "persons one would wish to have seen," Shakespeare, for instance, or Petrarch, or Cromwell, or Sir Philip Sydney—or, in a more gossiping vein, relating some characteristic anecdote of Cowley, or Pope, or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or Colley Cibber, or Mrs. Centlivre; or reporting snatches of racy court scandal from the diary of Samuel Pepys. Then he will get into a philosophical humor, and discourse "of the slow rise of the most rational opinions," and quote wise and stately sentences from Lord Bacon's "Essays" or Milton's "Areopagitica." On another occasion he comes to us when he is running over with news of the fields and the woods, and can speak of nothing but May-day, and May-poles, and the young spring flowers. He will give an hour's

description of the pleasures of breakfasting in the country on a fine summer morning, with open window looking out upon a bright green lawn, with the air breathing in fresh and balmy, the sunlight streaming through the foliage, and casting its chequering shadows upon the favorite books and pictures with which the parlor walls are adorned; upon the table a few pansies freshly plucked, contrasting well with the snow-white cloth; and a bee humming about from cup to cup, seeking to partake of the honey which she herself probably assisted to furnish. At another time, perhaps, when some calamity has overtaken you, and affliction lies heavy upon a household, he comes in the guise of an old and tried friend of the family, with all a friend's privileges; and sits by your hearth, and suggests many a tender and solemn thought about death and immortality. His manner has more than its usual kindness; his voice sounds gravely, yet there is almost cheerfulness in its tone when he says that "The best part of what you loved still remains, an indestructible possession—that although the visible form be taken away, yet that was only lent for a season, whereas the love itself is immortal, and the consciousness of it will ever abide to strengthen your faith, and soothe you amid the stir and fever of life." Or it may be that he speaks of "The Deaths of Little Children," and then he almost makes you feel as if his true friend's hand were pressing your own, as he goes on to tell you that "Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child—that the other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality; but this one alone is rendered an immortal child; for Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence." In the rough winter time again, "when wind and rain beat dark December," he will tell you of "A Day by the Fire" which he had not long since—with all its home comforts and accompaniments—the pleasant hour before the candles are lighted—the gazing meditatively into the fire—the kettle "whispering its faint under-song," and the cheerful tea-table with its joyous faces, and the pleasant hours between tea-time and bed-time spent in the free utterance of thought as it comes, with a little music perhaps, or the reading of some favorite passages to stimulate the conversational powers of the circle; while every now and then the rain rattled against the windows, and the wind howled in such a way as to make everybody think of the sea and the poor sailors, and people who have to be out of doors in such weather; and last of all, the quiet half hour after every one had retired but himself—when all around was silent, the cares of the day gone to sleep, and the fading embers reminding him where he should be: all these, and a thousand things else, in-doors and out of doors, in books, in nature, and in men, he talks about in a way so natural, easy, and colloquial—so marked by a pervading kindness of feeling—entering so heartily into all our tastes and thoughts, and enlisting all the while so thoroughly our sympathies, that we cannot but class him in the foremost rank of our most genial essayists, and place his writings among our choicest "parlor window-seat books," to be taken up in the brief intervals of active and social life, sure to find in them something which appeals to our most cherished tastes, and meets with our immediate appreciation.

From Chambers' Journal.

## EVERY-DAY ENTOMOLOGY.

## THE GNAT FAMILY.

The gnat family is universally detested, as among the most unwearied, blood-thirsty, and formidable of insect tormentors. Their insatiable appetite, joined to their venomous powers, and these added to their enormous productiveness, and their hateful ubiquity, justify us in regarding them as one of the scourges of the human race. They are excessively troublesome even in our own country, the temperate climate of which is unfriendly to venomous creatures of most kinds; but their annoyance is felt under both extremes of temperature, exasperating alike the unhappy inhabitants of Mosquito Bay, and the wretched tenants of the most northerly regions. In spite of the irritable feelings we can scarcely help bringing to the inquiry, it will be found that there is much that is instructive, much that is even entertaining, in the history and habits of these little blood-suckers.

The proper—that is, the technical—name for this tribe of insects is the *Culicidae*: they belong to the order of dipterous or double-winged insects. The common gnat, *Culex pipiens*, is a delicate, pretty insect, rather less than a quarter of an inch in length. It is furnished with a long, slender proboscis, which projects downwards and forwards, having at its extremity a pair of little sucking discs: this organ forms the siphon up which the creature draws its fill from our life-stream. On the sides of this are placed, at different distances, several lancet-like processes, some of which appear intended simply to cut, while others seem adapted also to inject the irritating poison into the minute wound; and these are barbed, and resemble in some respects the sting of the bee. The "hum" of the gnat, or, as the poet Spenser calls it, "its murmuring small trumpet," is a sound familiar to every ear—to most of us far more familiar than agreeable. This, which is really a pretty and not displeasing sound in itself, were it not that it is a flourish preparatory to an onslaught, is produced by the rapid vibration of its delicate gauze-like wings. The sound has a precise analogue in the deep-toned hum of the "fan" of our blast-furnaces, where the vanes of the blower cut through the air with vast rapidity, and produce, in so doing, the musical notes we hear. The fragile wings of this insect have been estimated by Latour to vibrate at the rate of three thousand times a minute; a rapidity which, when it is regarded as a succession of muscular contractions and relaxations, is something far more wonderful than the most enormous speed to which mechanism was ever driven. The gnat makes its appearance in the greatest numbers at eventime, but its persecutions are by no means confined to that period. It delights chiefly in shady woods and in moist situations, from whence great hosts may occasionally be observed to issue, and in the vicinity also of stagnant pools, which form the nursing-places of the young. It has been frequently remarked, that it is the female insect which pursues us for our blood, and that the male is innocent altogether of the crimes his partner delights to commit. The insect makes its attack in the following manner:—After the flourish as aforesaid, and with a courage equal to all its noise, it flies directly upon its victim, and falls to. Alighting gently upon the surface, it lowers its formidable weapon, gently and gradually thrusting it into the skin until it has pushed home all its lancets. The fluid which produces the subsequent pain in the wound is then in

jected into it, as has been plausibly supposed, for the purpose of rendering the blood more fluid, and better adapting it to the suctorial capabilities of the insect; and now the thirsty creature takes its fill. These operations are repeated until it is satiated, when it flies away, oftentimes becoming gorged and less active, as if completely intoxicated with its potion.

The early history of the gnat is peculiarly interesting. It contains one of those exquisite demonstrations of the skill of the creative hand of which the kingdom of animated nature is replete. The celebrated entomologist Reaumur made it the subject of some of his beautiful and accurate investigations. From his account of the operation, we glean the following particulars relative to the deposition of the eggs of this insect. Let us go to some stagnant pond between five and six in a summer morning, and we shall see this interesting phenomenon, if we watch pretty narrowly, going on over its whole surface. There is a female gnat; she has taken her station upon a broken twig, or a fallen leaf floating on the water. She is then seen to cross her two hind limbs like the letter X, and in the inner triangular interval she commences her ingenious labor. In this interval she places first three eggs in the form of a triangle, which, being moistened with a kind of glue, adhere firmly together. This forms one extremity of a boat she is about to make. Her crossed limbs form, so to speak, the "lines" or scaffold by which she regulates the subsequent shape and size of her tiny vessel. She proceeds, laying egg after egg; and by gradually opening her scaffolding, she shapes the boat accordingly, and in this manner proceeds until the egg-boat is completed, each of which contains from two to three hundred eggs. The animated scaffolding is then removed. The mother takes her flight, and commits her craft to the mercy of the wind and waves. This wonderful little structure has been aptly likened by Messrs. Kirby and Spence to a London wherry in configuration, being sharp, and higher at both ends, somewhat convex below, and concave above, and always floating on its keel. It is not the least remarkable fact connected with this amazing feat of nautical architecture, that each individual egg, if dropped into the water, would sink to the bottom. The boat is quite buoyant; it defies the most tempestuous blast which crosses the mimic ocean in which it sails; the waters may go over it, or it may be forcibly pushed down to the bottom, but it will rise again to the surface, its buoyancy unaffected, and without a drop of water in its cavity. How plain and broadly-marked even in these workings of a humble and insignificant insect is the Divine forethought and skill, which, while rearing a universe, and mapping out creation, remembered, and so securely provided for, the wants of the family of a gnat! In hot weather the eggs are rapidly hatched; and in about three days the larvæ, having left their temporary habitations, are to be seen in full activity, with their heads downwards in the water. As these larvæ are uncommonly funny fellows on the field of the microscope, they have the honor of frequently showing off at popular exhibitions; and the surprising feats of agility they perform have long been the admiration of the spectators. They are well known in the north as "*scurrs*," and may be collected in abundance during summer from almost every wayside pool. The larva breathes in a very odd way by means of its tail! at the extremity of which is its respiratory ap-

paratus. It has the power of leaving the surface of the water, and diving to the bottom; but it must always return for fresh air; and most comical it is to see it thrust its tail up for this purpose, while its great head hangs some distance below the surface. This larva has several changes to undergo before it becomes the perfect insect: after moulting several times, it becomes transformed into the pupa; and then comes the final change to the perfect gnat. The pupa now serves as a boat for the emerging insect. The time comes on; the necessary preparations are complete; the insect raises itself from its floating tomb, places its feet upon the water, expands its tender wings, and takes farewell of its former dwelling. From first to last, these transformations occupy about three weeks or a month.

Sometimes gnats make their appearance in incredible numbers, or are unexpectedly seen to pour in dense clouds like smoke from some locality. A correspondent of the "Entomological Magazine" states that in one summer, in a particular district, they appeared in such numbers, as actually to make it necessary to "shovel them" out of the houses. It is related also "that, in the year 1736, they were so numerous, that vast columns of them were seen to rise in the air from Salisbury cathedral;" and an alarm was actually raised that the cathedral was on fire. A letter in an early volume of the "Philosophical Transactions" states, that on one occasion they filled the atmosphere near Oxford, and rose in several tall columns from some apple-trees to a considerable height in the air. At Norwich, an alarm of fire was created by the inhabitants observing a dense volume, apparently of smoke, stream forth from one of the spires of the cathedral. It was mentioned that these insects are numerous and excessively annoying even at the poles. Captain Sir John Ross, in the Appendix to the narrative of his second voyage, states that gnats first made their appearance about the 10th of July, and by the 22d had become so excessively numerous, as to prevent the necessary duties of the ship. They were seen in vast clouds overhanging the marshes, their larvæ contributing the principal food to the trout of those lakes. The poor Laplanders are horribly tormented by them. It is almost in vain that they smear their bodies with fetid unguents, birch oil, and fearful messes of all offensive things; the blood-thirsty insect scorns such defences, and sends its proboscis through them all. They are in the habit of stopping up the vents of their huts, allowing the interior to be filled with suffocating smoke, and thus protected, they betake themselves to rest; yet even then the indomitable creature will scarcely consent to leave them unmolested. In short, what defence can be suggested against an army of invaders so numerous as to be compared to the dust of the earth or the flakes of a snow fall!

The mosquito has been generally considered by naturalists as belonging to the gnat family, the *Culicidæ*. Some doubt may exist upon the subject, but there can be none that it is the true representative in the tropics of the gnat at the poles and at home. The mosquito is not quite so large an insect as the common gnat; but if less in size, it is a much more dreaded and dreadful enemy. It is, we believe, Mr. Westwood who considers the mosquito to have been "the plague of flies," the emissaries to execute Divine wrath upon the Egyptians. Neither is its sphere of torment limited alone to hot climates; it appears to endure the intense winter of the Crimea, and does dreadful mischief in its



From Chambers' Journal.

## PHILOSOPHY FOR FARMERS.

summer to the Russian soldiers. Dr. Clarke says they are actually compelled to sleep in sacks! and even this does not prove an efficient protection, as cases of mortification in consequence of their bites are not unfrequent. In America, the accounts of mosquito-bitten travellers are most painful to read. We sometimes meet with the travels of a learned enthusiast, who gives us a glowing picture of the glories of the banks of the Orinoco: let us take some scattered remarks from Baron Humboldt's "Personal Narrative" as a set-off against these romancings. He says there are three different species of mosquito. Some will sting from an early hour in the morning all day long until five in the afternoon, when they disappear, and a second set "mount guard." These have their hour of attack, and then retire, and are followed by the night army, the most dreadful and venomous of all. During the intervals of the disappearance of one host, and the appearance of the next, a brief and delightful repose is given to the tortured Indians. All along a particular district of this great stream, the lower strata of air, from the surface of the ground up to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, are filled with these insects to such a degree, as to give the appearance of a condensed vapor. The Indians say there are "more mosquitoes than air." The swelling caused by their bites does not disappear for several weeks. An old missionary, in accents of despair and grief, said "he had spent his twenty years of mosquitoes in America;" and his limbs were so much covered with the enduring marks of their wounds, as not to have a single spot of native whiteness about them! Some of the Indians living in these districts are so hard put to it, as to be compelled to bury themselves in sand, only leaving out their heads, which they cover with a handkerchief. A curious anecdote is related in "Loudon's Magazine of Natural History" regarding the effect of mosquito bites upon the countenance. A gentleman having indulged over-freely in wine, lay down to sleep on a sofa without the customary protection of a mosquito net. He reclined in such a way, as to expose exactly half of his face to the operations of the enemy, which soon attacked him in great numbers. His appearance the following morning was something wonderful; one side of his nose and face preserved their usual expression, but the other was so hideously contorted and swollen, as to make him appear on that side a totally different person.

Expedients for defence against these plagues are frequently almost in vain; but such as are in use it may be as well to mention. In India, mosquito curtains are the common preservatives; but woe to him who suffers even one of his little tormentors to get within his white walls! Just before retiring to rest, a kind of whisk is whirled about in the air, putting the ranks of the enemy in confusion; the favorable moment is seized, and the individual leaps into his cot, while the curtains are rapidly drawn behind him. The Indians in America go at night to sleep on islets in the midst of the cataracts, where few mosquitoes will follow them. They also anoint themselves, with turtle oil, and cover their bodies with paint and bolar earth, but are wounded through these. In some fenny districts in England, where gnats are very numerous, it is said to be the custom to wear veils. The pain of the bites may in some cases be alleviated by a solution of ammonia, or soothed by a weak lotion of hydrocyanic acid. With these remarks, we take our leave of this tiny but troublesome family.

THE relation of commercial restrictions has had, among other effects, that of giving an impulse to agricultural industry, which has long borne the reproach of being behind the age. According to some authorities, agriculturists generally have proved themselves the most unteachable of mortals, willing rather to obey a mechanical routine, than to be guided by true principles. Whether such be the case or not, the ceaseless labors of the press are doing much to remove ignorance in every quarter; and science, which gradually insinuates itself into all human operations, is doing for agriculture what it has done for manufactures—taking it out of the domain of uncertainty, and showing it to be equally dependent on natural and philosophical principles. With these aids, and a more active competition, there can be little doubt but that agricultural pursuits will soon become characterized by a high degree of commercial activity.

It frequently happens that valuable scientific treatises are published, which remain totally unknown to the general reader, and thus become lost for purposes of practical utility. A paper of this character, on "The Philosophy of Farming," which appears to us to be deserving of wider circulation, has just made its appearance in the last volume of the "Manchester Philosophical Society's Memoirs." According to the author, Mr. Just, "all cultivation consists in bringing to the plant, or placing within its range of action, such a supply of material as natural means cannot furnish it with in the situation where it grows. In order to cultivate well, it is therefore as necessary to know what plants want, as for the builder and contractor of material to know what is required for building." It is now pretty well understood that the growth of plants depends less on solid nourishment, than on fluid and atmospheric agents, of which the chief are carbonic acid gas, azote, and water. In chemical language, these comprise four atomic elements; and according to their presence in the soil, is the abundance and deficiency of the crop. On the continent, the investigations of Liebig and Dumas on this important subject, as well as those of scientific men in this country, have brought to light many important facts and data, the whole extent of whose application is yet a matter of research.

Perfect drainage appears to be no less essential for fields than for towns: to secure an abundant supply of the elements above enumerated, the main requisite consists in due permeability of the soil, so as to admit of proper drainage. Hence it is that clayey lands, by favoring accumulations of stagnant water, are in so many instances unproductive. The disposition of the drainage should, however, be such, that the whole of the soil concerned in the growth of the plants is permeable by the air, promoting a constant filtration and succession of materials that contribute to vegetable formations. Rain brings down ammonia from the atmosphere, and its beneficial effect on lands is greatly increased where the drainage is good, as the atmospheric particles then find their way readily to the roots of the plants, and the mineral substances in the soil are more effectually dissolved. "The two fundamentals of all good farming," says Mr. Just, "consist in thorough percolation of water through the soil, and a constant accession of air." Rapid drainage is not less important; main drains ought to cease discharg-

ing at the end of four or five days, instead of, as at present, as many weeks, ceasing only in long droughts; and to be dug so low, that the superabundant moisture of the surface shall be at once effectually discharged, with a constant current, otherwise the drains soon become choked by mud. It is evident that the mechanical arrangement of drains must vary with the nature of the locality to be drained; and no attempts at drainage should be made without first ascertaining the nature of the subsoil. The following data are given as guides to the inexperienced:—"If, when the soil has been carefully removed from an area of a few yards in extent, and the surface of the subsoil has been left to dry, water is found to accumulate within it, when dug into, then that subsoil is drainable, and will draw water from the surface according to the depth dug; and the ground may be made perfectly dry by the usual kinds of drains, provided those drains be laid sufficiently deep, and allowed a free discharge.

Whereas, if, after the same preparation, the subsoil or clay, when dug to a greater or less depth, be perfectly dry, then no drainage can be effected therein by ordinary methods, and recourse must be had to opening transit for the surface water into channels, so that the supersaturation of the soil may run off as directly and quickly as possible." The author contends that land cannot be drained too dry, as fluids are not so essential to the growth of plants as aerial and gaseous matters, and perfect aëration is as much required as perfect drainage. Air brings constant supplies of material from every quarter; and where the soil is kept properly drained, conveys nourishment in certain but invisible forms to the roots of crops. Another advantage attendant on aëration of the soil, is the increased economy and effect of manure; the more perfect the pulverization of land, the more immediate is its contact with, and absorption of, the manures thrown into it; the descent of new particles into the subsoil is facilitated, and the whole quantity of productive soil is increased, with a fund of capability, so to speak, always at command within it.

From discussing the mode of treating soils, Mr. Just passes to that of sowing seeds. "Scattering seeds," he says, "indiscriminately over the surface of the ground previously prepared for their reception, is no more sowing them, than tumbling stones into trenches properly dug for the foundation of a building is laying those foundations." The object of sowing is to secure proper germination of the seed. Seeds are to vegetables what eggs and ova are to animals; the condition of development of the latter is warmth and protection. With seeds it is "a proper degree of temperature, a sufficiency of moisture, and a free access of air, with exclusion from the direct action of light." Hence the great advantage of complete pulverization of the soil, that the seeds may not be buried deeply, and yet at the same time sufficiently covered; for, if within the influence of light, the chemical change of the farinaceous matter of the seed into living tissues is retarded; on the other hand, if buried too deeply, the plant is so much exhausted by its efforts to reach the surface, as to impede materially its future growth. A large amount of seed is annually lost by falling into the hollows between the furrows of ill-ploughed land. "It is not to please the eye only that the ploughmen of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and other well-cultivated counties, take so much pains in drawing their deep furrows as straight as a line can make them, and laying them so compact, that not a crevice between them can be found

in fields of many acres; but it is to favor this grand and fundamental principle of growth, though perhaps in few instances this service may either be known or appreciated by them." The importance of these considerations becomes manifest, when regard is had to the physiology of seeds. The greater part of their substance is simple nutritive matter, intended for the support of the young plant until it can take care of itself. But if this nutritive matter is to be expended in efforts to escape from unnatural circumstances, it is clear that the capacity for growth will be diminished. A starved seed can no more grow up into a healthy plant, than a starved infant into a healthy man; and if so much care be bestowed on exposing steeped barley frequently to the air, to insure simultaneous germination, while being converted into malt, ought less care to be shown to seeds while in the soil, when the food of millions is dependent on their proper growth?

The waste and misapplication of manure in this country is deplorable, and have been so often complained of by writers, that it might seem supererogatory to insist upon it further; but there are some subjects to which attention can only be successfully directed by constant iteration and reiteration. In many parts of Germany and in Belgium, the most rigid economy prevails with regard to all waste animal and vegetable matter, and its proper application to land. In China, the same course has been pursued for ages; and, according to Mr. Fortune's recent work, is still maintained in full activity. The measures now in contemplation for the effectual sewerage of towns are fraught with incalculable advantage to the agriculturist; but without some acquaintance with chemistry, no person can be certain that the manure he applies is that required by the soil, and a distinction must be drawn between germination and vegetation. Highly azotized manures are favorable to the latter process, but unfavorable to the former. Mr. Just says, "Guano sown along with the seeds of turnips prevents their germination, whereas, when scattered over the soil, or buried in the drills beneath the seeds, it promotes the vegetation of the plants to a very great extent afterwards. The same is the case when liquid manure, from banks in farm-yards, is applied to soils previously to sowing the seeds. I have known turnips sown on ground so treated fail to germinate entirely; and by injudicious application of night-soil, as a dressing for crops of barley, I have seen numbers of the grain totally destroyed by contact with it, and those which escaped pushed on to such a rank vegetation after this destruction, that they could neither fructify properly nor ripen."

The same principle holds good with regard to propagation by means of buds and tubers; and here, at the risk of prolonging what is felt by many to be a wearisome subject, we quote Mr. Just's observations on the treatment of the potato. "The cuttings of potatoes," he writes, "or the whole tubers which we plant, have to undergo a similar change in sprouting as seeds undergo in germination, and require similar conditions to favor that change and aid germination. Yet in our treatment of this most valuable and accommodating of all plants given to man for food, we err more against nature than in all others put together. Patient of every climate under the sun, we forget that it can be subject to any wrong, or require any of our care or concern for its welfare. Prolific beyond our wants, we have glutted our domestic animals with it, and employed it largely in the arts and distillery to contribute to our luxuries. Yet there is a limit to all

From the Times of Sept. 30.

## ENGLISH OPINIONS OF THE ARMISTICE.

things, and we are approaching the limits of the abuse which we can unrequitedly heap upon it. Something is wrong already both in the field and in the store; already it has partially failed in its germination during the spring; already it has become the prey of disease in its vegetation and maturation in the autumn. Nature is vindicating her right to be obeyed; and since we have neglected to learn from her by lessons of examples which she has offered, she seems determined to make us wise by dear-bought experience—to make us feel, that we may remember.

"The first law of nature against which we transgress with regard to the potato, is in our total neglect of the due preservation of our seed potatoes. If they are only good for food, we never inquire whether they are fit for planting. Yet were we but to reflect one moment, we should soon see how unnaturally we treat them. Nature, when she alone takes care of them, keeps them within the soil—like all other subterranean buds—during their season of repose; and because, in the warm climates, where they are indigenous, they cannot easily be cut off from a due temperature for their germination, she checks it by keeping them dry in the soil. We, on the other hand, dig them up from the ground, because we fear, and properly, the effect of the frost upon them; but instead of keeping them dry, we heap them up wet in immense quantities on the ground, and cover them over there, to keep them so, *with soil*, thereby furnishing them, if they do not rot, with one requisite for germination; while the masses themselves raise and keep up the temperature to supply them with another, so that germination has not only commenced, but proceeded considerably, when we dig them up again for planting. Then, calculating upon the extraordinary degree of vitality with which nature has endowed the tubers, we pull off the sprouts, cut up the potatoes, and endeavor to reduce that vitality to as low an ebb as possible before we plant them. If, by the spritting of potatoes, the whole of the diastase, situated just below the embryo in seeds, be expended, then there is no provision left for the conversion of fecula into saccharine matter for the formation of the first tissues of germination, and germination must therefore fail."

When it is borne in mind that the cuttings, weakened as described, are in most instances planted in highly azotized soils, surprise at the general failures which have taken place will be greatly lessened. The remedy consists in storing up the potatoes intended for seed in places perfectly dry and dark, and, instead of one large mass, in small heaps, so that all tendency to generate heat may be obviated. The precautions with regard to the aëration of young grain crops are equally to be attended to with the young plants of potatoes. Without frequent stirring of the soil while the roots are forming, and complete aëration or ventilation, however favorable other circumstances may be, proper growth is not to be expected. The objects to be striven for by the agriculturist and cultivator are of such importance, as to reward any degree of perseverance. Implicit obedience to natural laws never fails of commanding success. Nature is not to be forced or diverted from her economy: the bringing to bear a little plain, practical, common sense on her multifarious modes of action, must tend to the realization of the sound theoretical views of the chemist and meteorologist.

It has been anticipated that the accounts from the United States and the seat of war in Mexico, which have just reached us by the Caledonia steamer, would put an end to the long period of suspense and perilous inactivity in which Gen. Scott's army has passed several weeks, and would probably announce either the entry of that general into the Mexican capital, or the discomfiture of his scanty forces. The intelligence, which will be found in another column, bears much more resemblance to the latter than to the former of these alternatives. Although the American journals record another victory, they acknowledge that the honors of the day were disputed with great resolution by the Mexican army. They publish a list of officers killed and wounded, which shows the extreme severity of the action; and above all, they announce an armistice proposed, not by the Mexicans, but by Gen. Scott himself. This last circumstance demonstrates that, although the spirit and firmness of the little American army eventually prevailed over the numbers and the field fortifications of the enemy, they were not in a condition to take any political advantage of the contest, though they remained masters of the field. Indeed, considering their feeble numbers, the immense difficulties of transport, and the imperfect organization of their supplies, which have prevailed throughout the war, it is evident that 6000 men, isolated in the heart of a hostile country, decimated by fatigue, fever, and actual fighting, and cut off from reinforcements by the conditions of this armistice, are much more likely to capitulate to the enemy they have insulted and despised, than to hoist the American flag on the towers of the city of Mexico. The moral effect of a decisive action and a tremendous defeat might, indeed, have paralyzed the Mexicans, and induced them to accept the terms they had hitherto rejected; but, if the particulars are to be believed which reach us through American channels, the battles of Contreras and Churubusco are more likely to raise the confidence of the Mexicans, than to destroy all faith in their cause or commanders.

The Mexican generals are said to have taken up a very strong position, on which they had concentrated a large amount of artillery, within sight of the capital. These batteries of St. Augustine and St. Antonio, were served with great activity and effect, and their fire was especially directed against the position which was occupied by General Worth and his corps. On the 19th of August, an attack was made by the Americans on these points, which, as may be inferred from our accounts, was altogether unsuccessful. The American field batteries were soon silenced by the heavier guns of the enemy, and we observed that the loss of officers in the artillery corps was unusually great. For six hours this terrific cannonade lasted, and at the close of the day General Scott and General Twiggs retired, "completely exhausted, not anticipating 'the great strength of the works of the enemy.'"

The troops were obliged to bivouac on a tempestuous night, which must ill have prepared them for a renewal of such a battle on the morrow.

On the morrow, however, the state of things seems suddenly to have changed. Early in the morning of the 20th, the position of Valencia, at Contreras, had been attacked by Gen. Smith with complete success; and upon the precipitate retreat of the Mexicans from this point, Gen. Worth fell back on San Antonio. A second most severe en-



agement took place, which lasted some hours, until the Mexican troops retired in disorder upon the city, leaving their heavy guns and a large number of prisoners in the hands of the invading army. The forces of the Mexicans in these actions are stated to have been at least three times as numerous as those of Gen. Scott's army; and although defeated to a certain extent, it is probable that the Mexican generals have still a body of men under their command, sufficient to repel any open attack on the city.

In fact, having arrived under the walls of Mexico by dint of extraordinary perseverance and hard fighting, it is by no means clear that Gen. Scott is nearer the grand object of his gallant efforts than when he started from Vera Cruz; whilst, on the other hand, it is evident to the merest tyro in military affairs, that an army of 6,000 men, at such a distance from its base, and so inadequately supported from home, is, in reality, in a position of great peril. Conferences for the negotiation of peace have, it is said, been opened, the alternative being another battle of a still more perilous character than the last; for it must be observed, that in Gen. Scott's present position the least reverse must be annihilation. He has absolutely no retreat. We should, therefore, not be surprised to learn that he is willing to conclude a peace on terms by no means flattering to the vanity of the United States.

But the moment we arrive at this point we are met by various political considerations, peculiar to the institutions of the United States, which render the solution of the question extremely complicated. Mr. Polk undertook this war on his own account, and it has proved to be the principal affair of his presidency. The attractions of military adventure and the pride of military success have induced the people of the United States to indorse his bills and to recruit his armies; and we have accordingly seen the chief magistrate of what was once the model of pacific governments indulging himself in the royal luxury of a bloody war. All this may be of some temporary advantage to Mr. Polk and his adherents; but they must be well aware that advantages so dearly bought by the nation will prove fatal to those who have speculated in them, unless the burdens of the war can be terminated with this campaign, and unless this campaign can be closed with an amount of success sufficient to screen the enormous injustice of the invasion. In the present state of public opinion in the world, we should have thought it extraordinary if the most absolute of European sovereigns had dared to embark in such a war, but that a man, temporarily invested with a limited power like that of the President of the United States, should, by his own will and pleasure, have plunged his country into such a series of embarrassments, is, without exception, the most extraordinary event which has ever occurred in the history of any modern republic. The sequel will show whether the mere *prestige* of military achievements is sufficient to overthrow all the principles on which the constitution of the United States is professed to be founded; and even in this affair of the armistice and the alleged negotiation for peace, we shall be curious to learn how far Gen. Scott's conduct will be approved and supported by his government, which no doubt anticipated a more brilliant result from the march to Mexico.

From the Morning Chronicle.

The American papers regard the contest as concluded, and congratulate themselves, in a heartier and more creditable fashion that we had anticipated from them, on the termination of this useless and unrighteous contest. The Caledonia has, as we

anticipated, brought the news, sufficiently confirmed, but unaccompanied by any details, of one sanguinary battle, if not more, having been fought in the neighborhood of Mexico. That must have indeed been a desperate contest, wherein, in the course of a couple of hours, 1,200 Anglo-Americans and 5,000 Mexicans fell, and among the latter many citizens of note. It seems after all, that Mexico does produce men who can fight bravely and die cheerfully in defence of their homes and altars. Had the Mexicans possessed mechanical appliances equal to those of their enemy, had they a barely tolerable ordnance and commissariat, the result of the battle might have been different. As it is, by their own showing, the loss of the invaders has been very severe—one eighth or more of their available force. The readiness, too, with which General Scott consented to remain outside the city until the Mexican congress had deliberated on terms of peace, would imply that even after his victory he dreaded the consequences of driving the Mexicans to despair. His feelings, in fact, would appear to be somewhat of a Pyrrhus complexion. It would be rather an untoward result if these dear-bought defeats became a school for that military genius for which the Spanish race is remarkable, and at length made the Mexicans adepts in the art of war. Truly, Gen. Scott may be pardoned for some slight misgivings as to the strength and safety of his remaining forces, in the centre of a hostile population, at such a distance from succors and supplies, and with bodies of guerrillas, ever increasing in numbers and audacity, threatening to break up his lines of communication, and cutting off by scores his most adventurous and bravest men. On the whole, it seems tolerably certain that a peace has been concluded ere this. Whatever bargains may be struck in respect of territorial and financial adjustments, we trust that the treaty will be in other respects so clearly defined and so satisfactory to both parties, as to afford a reliable guarantee, that so unwarrantable an aggression as this war has been on the part of the states, will not be hastily or inconsiderately renewed.

From the Spectator.

The position of the United States army in Mexico is not to be accurately learned from the accounts received this week from America. Of course they put upon it the best color they can; but there must necessarily be much that is not stated. General Scott had advanced almost to the capital of Mexico, after a difficult march and hard fighting; in his last engagement he confesses to have lost about a thousand out of six thousand men; the Mexicans are *estimated* to have lost five thousand out of an army of twenty thousand men or less. Santa Anna had been outgeneraled, and had retreated, it is said, rather prematurely. But his countrymen must have fought in earnest. General Scott, who had scoffed at offers of peace, now volunteered to make them himself, and concluded an armistice to facilitate negotiations. This looks like a conscious sense of that weakness which his position implies—his army enfeebled by a hard-won victory, and stationed in the heart of the enemy's country. There the accounts leave him.

[We are sorry for the Spectator. An intelligent, honest English criticism on American affairs would be very desirable. This taunt about Gen. Scott's scorning peace, must have been invented by the Spectator itself—at least, this is the first notice we have seen of such a thing, and is in direct contradiction of what is well known to be the truth.]

## CHAPTER III.

Is the evening Edith joined Mrs. Dalton in a window, where, apart from the rest of the company, she seemed to enjoy a reverie. She did not speak, but pointed to the massy outline of a distant hill, behind which the moon was rising, huge, dim, and red; but, in proportion as she departed further and further from the earth, seeming to gain in purity what she lost in splendor. The mute symbolism of nature is indeed expressive. Two years ago Edith would have felt that shame-facedness which is the mark of a keen and delicate enthusiasm in woman; she would have shunned to make the silence of her rapture a spectacle for a mixed and unsympathizing party of mere acquaintance. But she had now acquired a fearless freedom of action infinitely more comfortable to herself, and perhaps only to be regretted on account of the mixture of the motives which gave rise to it. She had become so accustomed to be admired for whatever she did, that she had nearly learned to think that everything she did must be in itself admirable; not that this was the conscious and definite working of her mind, but rather that, being sure of obtaining approbation, she forgot to inquire whether she deserved it or not; she had got the current coin, and she cared not to test the purity of the metal. Yet the adulteration was very slight—quite imperceptible to herself—it was only, in the strictest sense of the word, a *beginning*. So is an acorn only a beginning, and a small one—but the end of that beginning is the mightiest of trees; and in every beginning the whole progress, development, and final consummation, are, as it were, folded up and contained, ready for gradual expansion. The thought is as full of comfort as of warning, though, alas! the warning is the more needful of the two.

"Some music, Amy," said Mr. Thornton's voice, behind the ladies, "you have indulged your meditations long enough, and must now think a little about the enjoyment of others."

Mrs. Dalton looked round with a smile, and immediately moved to the piano. She put her cousin back with one hand as he offered to escort her, whispering at the same moment, "No, no; I don't want you. I am going to *exhibit*, so you may talk at your leisure." She sat down, and, under cover of Schulhoff's *Galop di Bravura*, which was presently electrifying the room, Mr. Thornton returned to the window and to Edith. He began with a platitude, such as even the most brilliant genius must occasionally utter if he be resolved to talk in season and out of season.

"So you prefer moonlight to conversation," said he.

"To *some* conversation," returned the lady, looking very intelligibly at the scattered human beings who adorned the chairs, sofas, and ottomans around her.

"But not to *all*? I am afraid I can scarcely hope to be classed among the exceptions." This timid speech was accompanied by a very decided assumption of the vacant seat next Edith. She laughed slightly, as though she perceived that the words and the movement were a little inconsistent with each other, and answered frankly, "Why, I scarcely think I do prefer even such a scene as this to the conversation which we had with Mrs. Dalton before dinner. It was very interesting."

"Almost too interesting," replied he; "such moments unfit one for the trivialities of every-day life and common-place people. Though all beauty

is said to arise out of contrasts, yet there are some contrasts which at once and irremediably destroy beauty;—you would not mix moonlight and lamp-light in a picture."

"Yet they are very beautiful in reality," said Edith, looking from the brilliant room to the still, silvered woods without.

"I suspect," said Mr. Thornton, "that, as in most things which we call beautiful, the charm lies rather in the mind of the interpreter than in the interpreted. Is that too philosophical for you?—I know you are a student of German."

"I delight in listening to what is beyond my comprehension," returned Edith. "Either the mystery pleases me, or else the feeling that I have the power to reach it if only I have time and help afforded me. So pray go on with your theory—you think that there is no such thing as beauty, really, but that it all depends upon the mind of the person who is looking. I don't know how to express it; but you see what I mean."

"Yes," replied he, "what is noonday to you and me would be midnight to a blind man."

"But the sun is the same," retorted Edith.

"Not to you, if you are blind," he answered.

"It is, to you, as if it did not exist. But these analogies are very deceptive; one can't carry them out. To illustrate what I mean by plain facts—the pagoda which is beautiful to the Chinese would have been monstrous to the Greek; and again, the worshipper in Cologne Cathedral would find little to excite his devotion at Pæstum."

"And you believe in none of them?" cried Edith.

"Just the reverse," said Thornton, smiling; "I believe in them *all*. I believe that the elements of truth, goodness, and beauty, are everywhere for those who can see them—the whole, nowhere for anybody. To disbelieve in their existence would be as absurd as to restrict them to any particular forms or systems. Some possess more, some less; the man who has emancipated himself from all has the best chance of collecting the fragments which all contain."

"I think I understand," said Edith; "I see how this leads naturally to universal toleration."

"True," he replied, "toleration—charity—love, becomes the law of life, and Christianity assumes her proper place, as the system containing the highest development of that law which has yet been granted to us. Viewed in this way, can anything be more ludicrous than the conventional rules which would seek to conform all characters to the same model? Rather find out, in the countless variety of materials submitted to you, those with which your own inner voice accords, and associate yourself with them, if you would attain happiness. All the misery that we see around us seems to me a blunder, not a necessity."

"Nay," said Edith, half doubtingly, "but if we sin we must needs suffer, must we not? Is not that the real cause of misery?"

"Every fault," returned he, "brings an inevitable portion of suffering with it, which is the best safeguard against repetition of it. But repentance is in itself restoration; the idea of punishment, except in so far as it is needful to procure amendment—the idea of *retribution* is absolutely preposterous. We are all imperfect and in a state of progress, and of that progress purification is a necessary part."

"Yes," said Edith, "because we have not merely to do what you said just now, to choose

the outward circumstances which best suit us, but, as we cannot create circumstances, we have also, and more frequently, to adapt ourselves to them."

"Perfectly true," he rejoined. "This is the difficulty of life, and in this its pain consists to those who will persist in refusing to use it rightly. But out of the discord gradually arises a fuller and more glorious harmony."

"A glorious harmony! Yes, indeed," cried Mr. Delamaine. "You were speaking of Mrs. Dalton's playing. Did you observe how that discord was first prepared and then resolved?"

"Some people seem resolved to prepare nothing but discords," murmured Mr. Thornton, with a mixture of annoyance and amusement.

But at that moment Mrs. Dalton ceased the marvels with which she had been delighting or deafening her audience, and broke into music of a very different strain—a low, quick accompaniment, like the rustle of abundant leaves, through which the notes of the melody stole like drops of water falling in twilight. You must watch heedfully, if you would see each one glisten as it passes; the breathlessness with which you listened would have moved the repose so essential to musical beauty, but for the lulling stillness of the undersong. Mr. Thornton held up his hands as if imploring silence, and then putting them before his face, seemed to abandon himself to enjoyment. And he did really so abandon himself, that the only reminiscence of his conversation with Edith which flitted across his mind, might have been contained in the following words: "Strange, that I have been talking philosophy instead of sentiment! I don't believe she will touch me, after all!"

Edith's reflections were somewhat deeper. The refined epicureanism to which she had been listening had singular fascinations for her; and it was, moreover, so interwoven with truth that she could not separate the one from the other. Life was then no burden to be borne, no struggle to be encountered. Sorrows were anomalies and exceptions in this system, not chief and necessary parts of it; they were the results of imperfection, to be endured, and surmounted, and forgotten. Sins, if forsaken, were no subjects of grief; discipline was necessary as a means of happiness, not of holiness. Vaguely did these results of the principles presented to her pass before her mind—so vaguely that they seemed not to testify to the falsehood of the principles which involved them. Would Edith have entertained these thoughts three years ago? Certainly not. Was she, then, a better logician at eighteen than at one-and-twenty? Scarcely—her logic at either age did not exceed due feminine limits. But Edith had been living for amusement for three years; living, in fact, to speak plainly and shortly, to and for herself. Her conscience had learned to suggest her actions by the assurance that there was "no harm in them," not by the authoritative injunction, "Do this because it is right." The woman who leads such a life as this must make up her mind to two dangers:—first, she is sure to encounter temptation; secondly, she is sure to be unprepared for it. The rule of quiet obedience, of childlike faith, of daily self-denial, excludes the evil simply by leaving no room for it. It keeps the heart as in the shadow of some cool and voiceful cloister, and has the twofold virtue, that it is at once a safeguard from temptation and a strengthener against it. But of such a rule Edith had known little at any time, though the kindly influences of her childhood and early youth had in some measure

supplied its place; they were, however, rather a shield from the foe than an armor on the body—the shelter was withdrawn, and she was found weaponless. Yet who shall say that with her noble impulses, generous feelings, amiable temper, warm heart, and (to speak in popular phraseology) *innocent* life, she was not a favorable specimen of her class, sex, and age in this our Christian England? Who, to take lower ground, could expect her even to *fear* that she was gradually departing from such a standard as Philip Everard carried in his heart of hearts? But we will not anticipate.

Mrs. Dalton's fantasia, or whatever it is to be called, came to an end, and Mr. Delamaine was at her side in a moment, begging for a song. She smiled her most bewitching smile, but immediately played an air with variations. "Do you like that?" inquired she, as she concluded. "It is one of Thalberg's."

"Oh—ah—yes—indeed," was his reply, "I should have recognized it immediately. So orchestral—there is no mistaking his style."

Mrs. Dalton looked a little mischievous, and Lord Vaughan, as he read on the title-page of the music the name of Mendelssohn, smiled to her with the open and gleeful significance of one who is not often in the secret of a private morsel of satire, and who inwardly congratulates himself on understanding it.

"But," pursued Mr. Delamaine, "you used to sing '*Ah luce di quest' anima!*' used you not? You have not forgotten it!"

"Oh, no," answered she, graciously; "music that I have once learned keeps a most pertinacious hold on my memory."

"I am sure it is here; do let me find it for you," cried her persevering admirer, dropping suddenly down on his knees before the music-stand, thereby causing Lady Selcombe to start, and dislodging from her lap a perfect avalanche of colored wools. Having duly apologized for and repaired his misdeed, he proceeded to institute a vigorous search for the song, during which Mrs. Dalton chatted about music with Lord Vaughan and Sir Mark Wyvil, and finally began to play Irish airs, with intense feeling and variety of expression. "*Ah luce di quest' anima!*" was at length found, and placed before her; she acknowledged the service by another smile and a most grateful bow, but continued to play without heeding it for at least half an hour. Then, leaving her chair, she addressed a young lady who was seated near the piano, listening to her with a kind of sullen and reluctant admiration. "My dear Miss Mainwaring," said she, "Mr. Delamaine is longing to hear you sing this song. We all know it is one of your favorites. Now, pray oblige us—as for me, I am really quite tired." She retreated as she spoke, and spent the rest of the evening in walking on the terrace, whither she would not allow either Edith or Mr. Thornton to follow her. Miss Mainwaring, who was cultivated and commonplace, obliged the company with untiring assiduity, and Mr. Delamaine, though looking at first a little blank, was politely attentive and vivaciously critical. Ere they separated for the night, however, Mrs. Dalton approached one of the open windows, and leaning her arms upon the sill, warbled Mozart's pretty and familiar "*Buona notte, buona notte amato bene!*" without accompaniment, with a richness and delicacy which astonished even those who were best acquainted with the wonderful beauty of her voice. The music was appreciable by all, the silence was



breathless, the applause unbounded; and when the fair songstress had glided up-stairs to her apartment, Mr. Delamaine observed, with much animation, "What a fascinating woman Mrs. Dalton is!" From this sentiment no one dissented, unless Sir Mark Wyvil's significant clearing of the throat might be so interpreted.

By the end of a fortnight Mr. Thornton had made considerable progress in his portrait of Edith, and had advanced yet further in his intimacy with her. His cousin watched them with much interest, but could not satisfy her mind as to whether they were becoming really attached to each other or not. Mutual admiration was very evident; close attention on the gentleman's part, extreme graciousness on the lady's; but then Edith was gracious to all her admirers; indeed, a stern observer might not unjustifiably have pronounced that she coquetted with them. Lord Vaughan's devotion, though quiet and unobtrusive, was most profound. Mr. Delamaine's compliments were offered with a hardy and perpetual earnestness, which left no room to doubt their sincerity; yet both were encountered by her with just that mixture of piquancy and gentleness which was sufficient to keep hope alive, though it could scarcely be called encouragement. Total indifference or complete preoccupation might have blinded her to their real sentiments; but she appeared to like their attentions so well that these motives could scarcely be attributed to her; so the only conclusion left was, that if she were blind, it was partly for the very sufficient reason that she would not see.

"It is to-morrow that Captain Kinnaird comes, is it not?" said Mr. Thornton, as he uncovered his canvass, and prepared for the morning's labor. "You must give me a long sitting—I am quite anxious about his opinion."

"Oh! do not hope for Frank's approbation," returned Edith; "if you were to paint me with a palm-branch in my hand, and a glory round my head, he would still think you had not done me justice."

"The very circumstances under which it would be impossible to do you justice," cried the artist, laughing. "If you will allow me to say so, that is the only character under which I could not portray you to advantage."

"And what character is that, pray?" inquired Lord Vaughan, very quickly, and half affronted.

"That of a saint," replied Mr. Thornton. "Miss Kinnaird has not severity enough for an artist's ideal of a saint; and I am heartily glad of it, for if she had, I am sure I, for one, should be exceedingly afraid of her."

"So I should think," said Edith, a little more dryly than was her wont.

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Lord Vaughan; "only just fancy a young English lady of the present day looking like a saint! Just imagine a saint in embroidered muslin, with all those frills and flounces, and hair, which it must take at least an hour to plait and curl!"

Everybody joined his laugh at the juxtaposition of two ideas so glaringly incongruous as those of a saint and a "young English lady of the present day."

"Where is Kinnaird now?" pursued he.

"He is staying with the Verners."

"Ah, poor Verner!" cried Mr. Thornton, "what a wreck he is! It is positively painful to me to sit in the room with that man. He used to be the most brilliant companion; he had more refinement

than any man I ever met with. In that respect he was absolutely feminine; and then such inexhaustible spirits! he would keep you roaring with laughter a whole evening; and then, when you were lounging off to bed, perfectly worn out, and scarcely able to speak from sheer fatigue, there was he as fresh and as cool as if he were just going to breakfast!"

"And what has changed him?" asked Mrs. Dalton.

"Marriage," was the laconic reply.

His cousin fixed her deep reproachful eyes on him without speaking.

"Such a marriage!" reiterated Lord Selcombe.

"Yes, now that is a man whom one regrets to lose. Everybody liked Verner; with all his faults he was the most popular man of my acquaintance."

"What sort of woman can Mrs. Verner be," observed Edith, "to neutralize such an abundance of good qualities?"

"She is pretty, accomplished, tolerably amiable, and by no means stupid," said Mr. Thornton; "but—to sum it up in one tremendous word—she is vulgar."

"Yes, it was indeed a pity," chimed in Lady Selcombe; "she was low in family, and is decidedly underbred."

"Besides," said Mr. Thornton, "Verner never liked her—how could he? They were so perfectly uncongenial. A woman who would talk of her carriage-and-four, and tell you the cost of her drawing-room furniture at a dinner party! And he the most fastidious of men!"

"He never liked her!" repeated Edith, in a bewildered tone.

"She cannot conceive the possibility of a marriage without love," said Mrs. Dalton, quickly, to her cousin. Then turning to Edith, she added, with a mixture of sarcasm and sportiveness, "Did you never in all your life hear of such a thing as a *mariage de convenance*—as marrying for money, for station, for a home, or any other motive except the schoolgirl's idea of "Love in a cottage?" Oh, my dear Edith! if we could only stand in Madame de Genlis' Palace of Truth for five minutes!"

Edith blushed painfully. Perhaps friendship is the most sensitive of all affections; the first doubt—the first neglect—the first seeking of another for that sympathy which we thought it our own special privilege to give—these are moments which burn their traces on the heart, and leave a scar which, though it may possess the dubious advantage of callousness to future impressions, inflicts agony ere it hardens. And to such wounds friendship is specially liable. Love confers an equality, whether real or imaginary; there is a balance of feeling; its very essence is reciprocation. But friendships are for the most part unequal, existing between persons whose characters are dissimilar, either fundamentally, or in the aspect which they present to each other. The keen tenderness, the watchful reverence, the fear, the passion, are not equally divided, and much must he suffer in whom they predominate; much must he forbear, long must he persevere, ere the bond of full and perfect confidence is finally established. But, if there be indeed that hidden basis of sympathy, without which no true friendship is conceivable, it is well worth the struggle; for the reward shall overpay the labor. Forbearance, trustfulness, hope—on these three pillars may the temple be reared—but if one of these fail, especially if the second fail, there will be nothing but a shapeless ruin!

"I don't think Miss Kinnaird need fear the Palace of Truth on this subject," said Sir Mark Wyvil, with a malicious emphasis on the name, and a glance at Mrs. Dalton.

"Nor Sir Mark Wyvil," retorted the lady instantly. "Both are equally transparent—but with a somewhat different effect."

Sir Mark was discomfited, and Mr. Thornton resumed the conversation, addressing Edith: "Oh, it was one of those sad cases, in which a marriage without affection is almost compulsory. He ran through a fine income; he was not the sort of man who could ever have lived within his income even if he had been as rich as Hudson; and then he had to choose between selling a place which had belonged to the family ever since Queen Elizabeth's time and marrying Miss Jarvis—a pretty girl enough—and devotedly attached to him."

"You must excuse me," said Edith; "but I think the lady is the more to be pitied of the two."

"Not she!" cried Lord Selcombe. "She is as happy as a queen, and has her own way in everything."

"That is just the happiness of a queen," replied Edith; "but not of a woman."

"But she dotes on her husband," said Lord Selcombe.

"And he—is indifferent to her!"

"It is better to worship than to be worshipped," said Mrs. Dalton in an undertone and with a half sigh.

"Verner was a younger brother," said Lord Vaughan; "what became of the elder—of Montague Verner? I remember the rejoicings at his coming of age when I was a good little boy in petticoats."

"Oh," said Lady Selcombe, with a grave shake of the head, "he was always very eccentric! It was a great grief to his family. He took up some religious mania, and would not live on his property."

"Yes—a canting rascal," cried her lord;—"he nearly broke his mother's heart. Some fancy about its being church property—the father was living then, you know, and he was a man who wouldn't stand any nonsense—so they quarrelled—and the young gentleman took his leave, went into orders, and was off to Van Dieman's Land, or some such place; and I've never heard anything about him since."

"A nice sort of religion," said Lord Vaughan, "which makes a man quarrel with his father!"

"Why," said Lady Selcombe, lowering her voice, "I have heard that there is insanity in the family; and, you know, that kind of religious enthusiasm, if it does n't begin with insanity, generally ends with it. Very few minds are strong enough to hold their balance when those notions get hold of them."

The world's charity and the world's condemnation—both appropriately exercised! Perhaps some such idea was present to Mrs. Dalton, for she had ceased to take any part in the conversation, and at the first pause she began to play. As usual, when she finished her performance, she was implored for a song; and as usual, when implored, she did not comply. She professed to be weary of watching the progress of the picture; engaged Lord Vaughan, who had still something of the schoolboy about him, in a private conspiracy against her cousin's brushes; made the room ring with her musical laugh when Mr. Thornton, having fallen into the trap, and finding himself about to paint Edith's

forehead with Prussian blue, uttered an exclamation of disgust; and then darted off into the garden for a solitary ramble.

"She has the spirits of a child," said Mr. Thornton, a little impatiently.

"And how music excites her!" observed Lady Selcombe. "When she began to play she had a brilliant colour, and before the end of the piece she was as white as my pocket-handkerchief."

The rest of the morning was spent in discussing the details of a grand approaching piece of gayety that was to take place under Lady Selcombe's auspices; namely, a bazaar for the benefit of an hospital in process of erection at —, the town nearest to Selcombe Park. "The celebrated beauty, Miss Kinnaird," though not exactly advertised in the handbills, was reckoned upon as first among the attractions which were to gather the neighbors from far and near for charitable purposes. She was to preside at one of the stalls, under the *chaperonage* of Mrs. Dalton; her costume was to be new for the occasion; and, in his character of artist, Mr. Thornton was allowed to arrange the distribution of colors. Lord Vaughan had asked and received permission to provide her with a bouquet; and Mr. Delamaine, who was never tormented by any importunate self-distrust, had constituted himself critic-in-chief, and soliloquized at great length over the bonnets and mantillas which Edith successively tried on, while she was listening for the more refined compliments of Mr. Thornton, receiving the silent homage of Lord Vaughan, or submitting to the good-humored comments of her host and hostess. Edith's enjoyment of the admiration which she excited did not exceed the limits of what is popularly termed "harmless vanity;" and harsh indeed would the censor have been deemed who should have passed sentence of condemnation upon her, for the manner in which she spent that bright autumn morning. Yet the particulars would have looked a little strange if they could have been faithfully noted down in her diary—especially if the varieties of *feeling* which beguiled the long hours of their tediousness could have been as accurately reported as the outward occupation.

"Edith, love, I vexed you to-day," said Mrs. Dalton, coming into her friend's room, as, weary with amusement, she was languidly brushing her hair ere she retired to rest.

Edith's quick change of color showed that the allusion was understood, though with the sudden impulse which always prompts us to accuse our sensitiveness of absurdity, and to wish to hide it, she, almost involuntarily, disclaimed the imputation.

"No—don't deny it," pursued Amy, kissing her forehead, "you were vexed, and I am glad that you were, because it shows that you love me. But now promise me," she added, with singular vivacity, "that you will never take to heart any hasty speech of mine; you may be sure that I shall never mean any unkindness by you; and I have an imperfect temper—that is to say, you don't know what may have happened or have been said to wound me and make me irritable. Even the closest friends know very, very little of each other, but that need not interfere with affection. Promise me, Edith!"

Most heartily did Edith return her embrace—most warmly did she give the required promise. The delicious feeling which she experienced at this first distinct avowal of friendship richly overpaid her for the pain which she had suffered. After a moment's pause, she replied—

"But I cannot bear the idea that friends know but little of each other, and I can never think it true. It seems to me that confidence is a necessary part of friendship."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dalton, "but confidence is a word with a great many meanings; the highest of all is the confidence which gives full sympathy to the *feeling* without knowing, or wanting to know, its *cause*. However, I will confide to you," she continued in a lighter tone, "that I was annoyed this morning, because, as I myself never was in love in my life, your words sounded like a reproach to me. I see you are shocked at my confession; and now I want you to confide in me."

"Oh, don't ask me!" cried Edith, quickly, her face becoming crimson.

"Nay, 't is no very searching question," replied Mrs. Dalton; "I only want to know what you think of my cousin Godfrey?"

"I like and admire him excessively," exclaimed Edith, with earnestness; "I think him a genius, not merely in art, but in conversation. How different it has been since he came here! Everything seems to have received a higher impulse—nothing is common-place."

"Quite true," observed Amy; "and he has admitted you into some of the secrets of his mind, which are unsuspected by the world of mere acquaintance."

"Yes," said Edith, hesitatingly, "he talks very freely on all subjects of feeling. Sometimes he quite startles me; but it is very interesting."

"That is his particular charm," cried Mrs. Dalton; "he really lets you know what he is thinking and feeling; he never stops on the surface of anything—he goes into the depths at once."

"Yes," repeated Edith, "that is *one* way you know; but sometimes one finds out that people are feeling very strongly, just by their *not* speaking on the subject."

"Did you ever know any one," pursued Mrs. Dalton, "who so transformed and raised the whole tone of conversation without pedantry or parade? It is so refreshing in the midst of the mediocrities of society."

"It is perfectly delightful," answered Edith; "that is what I so especially admire in him. And how curious it is that there should be such different ways of doing the same thing!"

"One of his greatest merits in my eyes," continued Mrs. Dalton, "is in the quickness and refinement of his sympathies; I never can endure a man who laughs at a feeling."

"Oh! but dear Mrs. Dalton," exclaimed Edith, quickly, "that may come from such a different cause. A person may laugh sometimes only because he feels too deeply to like to show it. Sometimes, you know, a laugh is one's only escape from tears."

"That is not often the case," said Mrs. Dalton.

"No, not often, but sometimes," returned Edith; "I think it would be very hard and very unjust to decide that a man was cold-hearted even if he sneered and scoffed at subjects of feeling in company. It may come from some private cause—some early grief, which one knows nothing about, which has changed the whole life; besides, there are other ways of raising the conversation, and impressing you with high notions of character, than those which are distinct and open. One never thinks so highly of a person as when one has found out his merits and his feelings in spite of himself, and, as it were, against his own will."

Mrs. Dalton suddenly lifted her lustrous eyes, and fixed them full upon the face of Edith, who, coloring and shrinking, stooped over the toilette table and began to busy herself in putting into their case the ornaments of which she had just divested herself. Suddenly her friend seized both her hands, and still inflicting on her that merciless gaze, exclaimed, "Edith, you said just now that there should be no reserves in friendship; tell me—were you ever in love?"

## CHAPTER IV.

A sudden knocking at the door of the room relieved Edith from the necessity of answering this embarrassing question.

"If you please, ma'am, Captain Kinnaird is come, and wishes to see you before you go to bed."

Mrs. Dalton could not restrain a laugh at the alacrity with which her friend responded to this summons. "Good night," said she, kissing her, "you are *quite pour la peur* this time, and when next I want to catechise you, I will take precautions against these stage surprises. I do believe it was preconcerted."

"Dear Mrs. Dalton, how can you—!" was Edith's not very intelligible answer. "I am only so very glad to see my brother again; it is six months since we met."

She wrapped herself in a shawl as she spoke, and hurried to the dressing-room to receive her brother, while Mrs. Dalton withdrew to her own apartment.

Kinnaird, having kissed his sister heartily, examined her closely by the light of the lamp, pronounced that she was somewhat paler than her wont, and that dissipation did not agree with her, asked a few scattered questions relative to her proceedings for the last six months, and volunteered a vast quantity of rambling, rattling, and involved information relative to his own, professed himself tired, and wished her good night. But Edith lingered by the table with his candle in her hand, which was assuredly longer in getting lighted than ever candle was before. At last she said abruptly.

"I hope, Frank, you didn't forget my birthday."

"To be sure not, darling," was his rejoinder. "It is just a fortnight since; I was in Wales, drank your health in the very best Château Margaux it ever was my luck to taste. I suppose you are in a hurry for your birth-day present," he added, laughing, "but you must wait till my portmanteau is unpacked. When a young lady like you attains her majority, you know, one can't pay homage to her with a mere trifle, such as one may carry in one's pocket."

"Yes—I am twenty-one," said Edith, sighing.

From the moment in which childhood leaves us, we begin to count our birth-days with sighs instead of smiles. They are involuntary pauses, forcing a consciousness of life, even upon the giddiest—steps are they in the ladder of time, and whether we consider them as leaving the past, or leading to the future, the thought is equally sobering. But Satan's great aim is to paint our life's picture for us without any shadows; where he cannot eradicate them, he gilds them over; well knowing that so he shall destroy the proportions, and confuse the conception of the whole—overpowering the bright composure of the everlasting sky by the gaudy and obtrusive splendors of earth. And so the healthful solemnities which God has provided for man are by man forcibly transmuted into festivals; so we cele-



brate a baptism by a dinner-party, and build an hospital by a ball!

Kinnaird looked earnestly at his sister, and then, with his customary straightforwardness, answered the question which he believed to lurk in that sigh. "It is a month since I heard from Everard," said he. Edith started at the name; the idea of the person whom we love is, as it were, compressed, and centred in the name, and so the heart shrinks from it, even when most familiar with the thought which it implies; just as a single speck of intense light will force tears from the eyes which could gaze steadily at the same amount of brightness spread over a larger space.

"He was at Marseilles when he wrote," continued Frank, "and must have been detained, or he would have been home long ere this. I wrote you word I had heard from him, from Marseilles."

"You did," answered Edith, as she moved towards the door. "Good night, Frank," added she, hurriedly and with averted face, pausing as if for a moment ere she left the room. "You never tell me anything about these letters. What does he say of me—of our engagement?"

The words were almost inaudible, but, even so, it cost Edith much to utter them. During the last three years she had regularly received from her brother notice of all Everard's proceedings, as reported in his own letters; but not one word of herself, not one allusion to their engagement. For some time she attributed this to delicacy or thoughtlessness in Frank; then she tried to break the oppressive silence by hints or allusions, but in vain. She could scarcely have given any tangible form to her suppositions, but there could be no doubt that her vanity was piqued, and the fortnight which had elapsed since her twenty-first birth-day, without bringing any tidings of Everard, had not helped to soothe it. At length she was resolved to ask the question; and the embarrassment immediately visible in her brother's face made her heart stop suddenly at its beating, as if a hand had laid cold grasp upon it.

"Oh," replied he, with a little hesitation, "I always give him full particulars concerning you; and as to the engagement, you know, he does not say much about that, because, you see, he takes it for granted;—it is a thing understood—a matter of course."

"Good night," repeated Edith, as, with a flushed face and a step of unwonted stateliness, she left the apartment.

Frank Kinnaird's embarrassment was genuine and profound. The fact was, that, during the whole course of their correspondence, Everard had never once mentioned Edith's name. It is true that Kinnaird had always given abundant information concerning her without waiting to be questioned, and though puzzled by such unbroken silence on a subject so interesting, he had satisfied his own mind by the reflection that Everard was "an odd fellow, who never felt or acted exactly as other men did, and he must be allowed to go his own way." But he did not think these considerations at all likely to satisfy the mind of Edith, who, in Mrs. Dalton's words, was "a woman most unlikely to forego her sex's privilege of being wooed." The manner in which he evaded her question was, however, much less calculated to satisfy her than a simple statement of the fact. The severity of reserve bears witness to the strength of the feeling which it is intended to restrain; a cord may bind a child, but you need chains of iron to fetter a man. Absolute

silence may be more expressive than the most eloquent oration;—but small talk seems to be expressive of nothing but indifference. The conclusion which Edith carried away from this conversation was, that Everard had alluded to his engagement in terms so light, so cool, and so easy, that her brother did not like to report them to her.

It is singular how close the union, how strong the affection between brother and sister may be, without their even approaching to a comprehension of each other's characters;—without the smallest admixture of that sympathy, which, as has been before said, is the basis of friendship. One kind of sympathy, indeed, they must necessarily possess: they must be ready to weep for each other's sorrows, to rejoice in each other's happiness—but this, perhaps, without any quick perception of the personal causes which deepen either the joy or the grief. The bond between them is one rather of habit than of instinct, and differs herein most conspicuously from the love of parent and child, which is a part of the life of the heart, acting by secret unisons and spiritual accordances which cannot be put to silence, save by breaking the strings on which they vibrate. Not that this deeper union does not frequently exist in the case of the other relationship to which we are adverting, giving birth to a holy and tranquil friendship, whose sanctuary no light thought or evil doubt is suffered to profane. We are rather calling attention to the fact, that it is quite possible for a very strong, warm, and even tender affection to exist without it. It is quite possible to love a brother with your whole heart, and yet to feel that he is as far from conjecturing what passes in that heart as the stranger to whom you were introduced yesterday.

Now, Frank Kinnaird's affection for Edith was precisely of this latter description. He was proud of her, and fond of her—may, he positively doated upon her; yet if he had been asked to name any of the particulars which individualized her character, and caused her to differ from other women, he would have answered by a most blank silence. His notions of women in general might have been worth a passing examination, if it were not that he shared them in common with so many of his sex; a heterogeneous compound they were, full of startling contradictions and pleasant inconsistencies. He had a strong theory that woman was a ministering angel; combined with a more practical belief that she was a domestic animal, and a vague doubt whether she really had any more soul than a kitten. Intellect he considered decidedly disadvantageous to her; yet it did not appear that he sought the society, or enjoyed the conversation of those who were destitute of such a portion of it as he was capable of appreciating. Self-dependence in a woman he vehemently detested; yet no one could be more utterly bored by the practical results of the opposite quality, except in the case of the individuals who, for the time, occupied his fancy and commanded his attentions. Intense, but not ungraceful vanity, a kind of shallow tenderness, abundant in tears, but unprepared for sacrifices, a pretty alacrity in white lies and innocent deceptions—these were, according to him, marks of the sex too indisputable to require discussion; and there is scarcely any imaginable instance of frivolity or falsehood which would not have elicited from him the appropriate comment, "What a thorough woman!" Nevertheless, no one could more readily recognize the merits of such particular instances as came under his personal observation; no one more indignantly testify to disparities, moral or intellectual, between wife and

husband; no one more cordially pity the former—more earnestly condemn the latter, when the case demanded it. But his admiration for excellencies in women arose out of his natural love of whatever was good or noble; his leniency to their faults, out of the poverty and meanness of his ideal;—what woman would accept such charity? Nor let it be supposed that in this any special censure on Frank Kinnaird is intended; like most other men, he had never taken the trouble to combine his scattered opinions, so as to detect the unreality of some and the inconsistency of all. And we suspect that if this operation could be performed on the opinions of most other men, the result would be a theory not very unlike that which we have just described. And what, after all, does it signify? If the harp have three octaves, the most pertinacious playing, for a life-time, on three notes has no power to reduce the compass of the instrument. True, the useless strings may grow untunable, and return discord instead of harmony to the careless touch; but there they are still, undestroyed, for good or for evil; there they are still, and the various melody and the rich concord still sleep in them, ready to awake beneath the hand of a skilful player.

Thus much it has been necessary to say in order to explain what followed upon Frank Kinnaird's arrival at Selembe Park, and to account for the view which he took of Edith's conduct. He immediately perceived that she was, to use the fashionable phrase, *flirting*, to no inconsiderable extent, with three gentlemen at once. Jealous for his friend, whose faith it never once occurred to him to doubt, and with whose fastidious delicacy he was well acquainted, he became angry with Edith, and he showed his anger in the most injudicious manner possible. His sister was a spoilt child, wayward, high-spirited, and vain; she had been breathing an air artificially softened for three years, and it would have required the most gradual tenderness to accustom her to a healthier temperature:—Frank took her out in an east wind at once, and then was astonished that she caught cold. Though undisciplined in mind, she was full of generous and noble feelings, and an affectionate and judicious friend might have moulded her as he pleased; but the idea that she was doing wrong—that her frivolous and useless life was a perpetual sin—that her constant and unintermitted intercourse with the world,—even with the *amiable* world, was unconsciously lowering her principles and injuring her character, had never once occurred to her; and now, on a sudden, she found the brother whom she had always hitherto ranked as one of her warmest worshippers, encountering her with a most unreasonable petulance, with an apparent resolution to disapprove all she did and dispute all she said, with those broad rebukes and unsoftened taunts which the freedom of family intercourse is sometimes supposed to sanction, but which sadly rub the bloom from family affection. Was it wonderful that she was exceedingly indignant, and felt herself extremely ill-used? Nay, was it unnatural, that she pertinaciously resolved to follow her own way? that she made an object of what had hitherto been only an amusement? that she rather studied to exhibit the pleasure she took in the attentions of her admirers than to withdraw from those attentions, and assume unconsciousness of them? Several days passed, and matters seemed rather to get worse than to improve; there was still no intelligence of Captain Everard; Edith continued to amuse herself and provoke her brother, and the latter, growing more

and more surly, resolved at last upon an open remonstrance.

"Edith," said he, encountering his sister in the hall, as he was seeking her for this purpose, "will you come and walk with me in the garden? I have something to say to you."

Edith's rapid step was checked in an instant. "Have you letters?" asked she hurriedly.

"No, no; but I particularly want to speak to you."

"Out of the question!" cried she gayly, "I am going to give Mr. Thornton a German lesson, and shall not be at leisure for at least an hour. If you have anything very particular to say, tell me now—quick—this instant, for my pupil is waiting for me!"

"Your pupil is, of course, a person of far greater consequence than your brother," said Frank, with that sour kind of playfulness in which the joke is only assumed for the privilege which it gives the speaker of saying far ruder things than he could possibly say in plain earnest.

"Oh, I see you are cross!" returned his sister; "how glad I am that I have got an engagement! Anything is pleasanter than being scolded. I hope by the time I am at your service you will be in a better humor;" and, with a curtsy of mock solemnity, she darted away into the library. Kinnaird stood still for a moment, feeling most disproportionately angry, and then slowly followed her, and betaking himself to an easy chair and a newspaper, watched with no indulgent eyes the proceedings of the two students. A formidable array of grammars and dictionaries lay on the table as a sort of challenge to the whole world to disprove that they were going to study; Halm's "*Son of the Desert*" was open before them, and from this they read alternately, Edith occasionally supplying her pupil (whose knowledge of the language seemed scarcely inferior to her own) with the meaning of a word.

"I wonder how that play would act," said Mrs. Dalton, who was playing *chaperone* as they closed the book. "Exquisite as it is, and full of truth and pathos, the unity of interest is so unrelieved that it is scarcely dramatic."

"Oh, that is the very peculiarity in which I delight!" exclaimed Edith; "there is a kind of repose, even in passion when it is uninterrupted; episodes and contrasts do jar so with one's feelings when they are really interested. I cannot endure that perpetual recurrence of an underplot, or another set of characters, when the first conception has been grand, and true, and simple. It is as if you were to paint every alternate figure in a frieze by way of relieving the eye from the glare of white marble."

"No," said Mr. Thornton, "don't paint the figures, but paint the background, if you please; the white figures of the Parthenon stand upon a ground of pure blue. In the episodes and underplots which have disgusted you, the fault lies in the *execution*, not the *idea*, for it is only by contrast that unity becomes salient. 'Unity in multiplicity' was the old Italian definition of beauty, and we shall not easily find a better. You can trace a silver thread in a crimson web, but make the whole fabric crimson and the separate filaments are no longer to be discovered."

"But is not the life that one lives background enough to throw the conceptions of art into most bold relief?" inquired Mrs. Dalton; "not blue, truly, but russet or lead color."

"There is truth in that remark," said Mr. Thornton; "and perhaps that is the reason why, when

daily life has attained the acmé of civilization, that is to say, of artificialness and corruption, art seems to assume a second childhood, as if in despair at its own decrepitude. Vast and complex creations appear no longer possible; we have a new generation of lyrical poets, and we have the lyrical spirit in all art, differing, however, from its earlier manifestation as the twilight of evening differs from that of morning; the one hurries into day, the other lingers into darkness. Simple forms, and short but lofty flights, are the true artist's only refuge from the wearisome varieties of reality as it exists now."

As he spoke he was carelessly turning the leaves of the book, and, lighting upon Parthenia's song, he handed it to Mrs. Dalton with a look of entreaty. "Sing it in English," said he. She complied, and the rich notes of the simple but passionate melody, rang through the room, with a tone irresistibly sadening, though the expression was rather wistful than melancholy.

My heart, I bid thee answer!

How are love's marvels wrought?

"Two hearts, by one pulse beating,  
Two spirits and one thought!"

And tell me how love cometh!

"'T is here!—unsought—unsent."

And tell me how love goeth?

"That was not *Love* which went."

"The quiet, almost arch gravity of the last line is inestimable," cried Thornton as she concluded.

"How exquisite," said Amy, "is that first scene in which Parthenia teaches Ingomar the use of beauty, if I may so express it. The wreath upon the vase—how often one thinks of it! how often in life do we find the vase without its wreath, or the wreath withered and scentless!"

"True," replied Thornton. "Here, as ever, in real art, the story is but a parable. We are first taught that beauty makes truth lovable, and afterwards, that without truth she is worthless. Nay, that she is not beauty at all. The noble savage has to learn softness and refinement, and afterwards how do the conventional softnesses and hollow refinements of artificial life crumble beneath his touch, and do him involuntary homage!"

"Oh, don't make it into an allegory!" pleaded Edith, "you will philosophize away the deep personal interest and pathos of the tale. Who could see without tears that last sudden outburst of devotion and reverence in Parthenia, when, having played at goddess and teacher all the way through, she suddenly recognizes his immeasurable superiority, and, without a fear or a scruple, prostrates her whole being before him? It shows how often coldness—immovable, unlovable coldness, is only on the surface; how there may be not only keen tenderness, but passionate fervor of character beneath it!"

"But I like the fervor which shows itself," cried Thornton, glancing at Edith's beautiful and animated face. "Coldness is, as you truly said, utterly unlovable. Feeling may hide itself when it pleases under satire, or wit, or playfulness, and be only all the more attractive; it is forever letting the veil slip a little aside and giving you an instant's peep at its real face. But, once let it wrap itself in the pall of coldness, and (though this may perhaps be its only refuge on account of its very earnestness) it will never win hearts. At least it will never win my heart;—I have not faith enough to believe in that which I don't see, and which, moreover, is not even suggested to me."

"And so," said Mrs. Dalton, "the very temperament which most needs sympathy is, by its own constitution, irrevocably shut out from it!"

"That is hard," said Edith.

"It can't be helped," returned Mr. Thornton.

"It is so, and will always be so. Some people are born to suffer—others to enjoy; some to win love without seeking it, and others—"

"To die for want of it," interrupted Amy, "like plants without water."

The conversation was here brought to a sudden pause by the announcement of visitors, Mrs. Willoughby and Miss Brown. They entered;—the former a portly personage, erect even to painfulness, but with a deliberate activity of movement that was the very reverse of stately. Each motion was, if I may so express it, a dignified jerk. Her dress was exceedingly handsome, and her face bore the traces of considerable beauty, but there was invincible vulgarity in the expression of the mouth, and her manners had that conscious and elaborate affability which is incompatible with high breeding, and which, by the force of its very graciousness, makes everybody else feel shy or proud, according to temperament.

"Mr. Thornton," said she, approaching him with a glide and a bend, "I believe I may claim acquaintance with you." Here she vouchsafed an action—brief, chilly, and tremulous, which she considered in the light of shaking hands. "Allow me to present my young friend—Miss Brown."

Miss Brown, a plain, pale, awkward girl, shabbily dressed, and wholly uninteresting, retreated with an embarrassed curtsy, and seated herself out of reach as quickly as she could.

"Will you introduce me?" continued Mrs. Willoughby, with a glance at the ladies. Mr. Thornton, bored, but polite, complied with this request, and the visitor proceeded, "My errand here was to ask permission to see a portrait, which I understand that you have just finished. I hope,"—looking comprehensively at Mr. Thornton and Edith—"I hope I am not asking too much."

"If Miss Kinnaird has no objection," said he, hesitating. Miss Kinnaird, of course, could have none, and the picture was produced.

"I am no critic," said Mrs. Willoughby, with a deprecatory wave of the hand, as if she had received a compliment. "Indeed, I know nothing whatever of painting; I never had a lesson in my life." She looked anxiously towards Miss Brown, but as that young lady remained perfectly silent, she was reluctantly compelled to do the honors to her own untaught genius. "I believed, however," she added, "that I have a correct eye;—that, you know, is quite a gift—it cannot be acquired—it is quite a gift."

This was so decidedly addressed to Mrs. Dalton, that an answer was inevitable. "Quite," said Amy, scarcely opening her lips: she was not practised in that peculiar species of self-discipline, the result of which is universal courtesy.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Willoughby with animation, "the most ignorant person, who happens to have a correct eye, may often be—at least I have been told so—a very useful critic. Some artists have told me that they would rather receive that kind of criticism than any other."

Mr. Thornton did not look as if he sympathized with those artists; but he could do no less than say that he should be much obliged by Mrs. Willoughby's comments.

The lady instantly became more impressively



modest than before. "Oh! no, Mr. Thornton," said she. "I could not presume—it is not as if I painted myself. I am wholly incapable of criticising, as far as any real knowledge of the subject is concerned. But a correct eye, you know, is quite a gift. I should be able to tell you directly if the mouth were not quite straight, or if the outline of the face were a little out of drawing, or if one of the eyes were a little too large—that I should find out in a moment. But I am no critic—that sort of faculty is quite a gift, you know. *You know?*" reiterated Mrs. Willoughby with emphasis, and interrogatively addressing Mrs. Dalton.

"Yes," said that lady deliberately, with an exterior politeness thinly concealing contempt.

"Now, I dare say," proceeded Mrs. Willoughby, "that in an exhibition—in any large collection of pictures, I should fix at once upon those that were really good. Probably I should distinguish an original from a copy at a glance—yes at a glance; but I could not tell you *how* I did it. I could not give you the *reason*—that is what connoisseurs can do, and I am anything but a connoisseur. I have no technical knowledge; I have only an accurate eye, which, you know, does not depend upon study—as I said before, it is a gift."

There was a pause after this speech, and the silent portrait seemed pleading to be looked at. Mrs. Willoughby approached it, and stood for some minutes in contemplation. "Do you think it like?" asked Mr. Thornton at last. (We should like to be informed on good authority, whether an artist is ever wholly and really indifferent to the opinion pronounced on his work by *any one*; whether he does not experience an emotion, either pleasurable or painful, even when the verdict proceeds from one whom he deliberately holds to be utterly incapable of judging. Scorn, be it remembered, is *not* indifference—though we do not pretend to define what it is.)

"Oh, undoubtedly," she replied. "A most admirable likeness. Miss Kinnaird, you must excuse my staring—the forehead is absolutely perfect."

Edith blushed under the oppressive gaze, and Mr. Thornton laughed, but not offensively.

"There cannot be a doubt of its being an excellent likeness," pursued the fair critic; "but yet—my unfortunate eye—it is quite a trial to be so accurate—one sees the least little divergence from the right line in an instant. But it is very presumptuous in me to say so; I have no doubt that it is perfectly correct."

"Pray, say exactly what you think," said Mr. Thornton, with stately deference to the lady's correctness of eye.

"Well, if you really ask me," returned she, "if I may indeed venture, I should say that the curve of this left nostril comes just a hair's-breadth too low—there—pray be careful—scarcely a touch will do it. (He had taken a brush in his hand and approached the portrait.) One little tiny stroke, you know, makes all the difference in these cases. Ah—h! (a prolonged sound of intense satisfaction.) There it is! You have done it exactly. Wonderful!—and the corner of that eye—do you see what I mean! Raise it the least little bit in the world;—pray, don't suppose that I am criticising. I know very well that I am quite an ignoramus;—only you see (with an appealing look to the ladies) Mr. Thornton is so excessively good-natured—he encourages the most timid person to speak her mind plainly. There! I see in an instant that you have done what I wanted to the eye;—is it not extraor-

dinary what a change of expression is produced by a single touch!—one would scarcely believe it. Yes; now the portrait is perfect—it does not look like the same picture. Surely, Mr. Thornton, you must be struck by the improvement, yourself!"

"I am perfectly satisfied with the likeness now," returned he, with a courteous bow; at the same time silently directing Edith's attention to the fact, that the brush with which he had executed the lady's suggestions had no color in it. The completeness of her self-satisfaction did not allow her to perceive the equivocal nature of his reply. She had so perseveringly taken it for granted that he was encouraging her, that she could not possibly have suspected herself of impertinence. "Well, you see," said she, with a self-congratulatory nod, "even the most ignorant people may sometimes be useful to the most learned. The mouse and the lion, you know! But I was really frightened when I saw you beginning to touch it. I quite longed to take the brush out of your hand. When one sees so *exactly* what is the change required, and when the change itself is so *excessively* minute, one is afraid to trust it to another person, you know."

"Afraid to trust it—another person," muttered Mr. Thornton, in an aside to Edith, "I wonder whether I *did* paint the picture—I believe she thinks *she* did it."

"And now," resumed Mrs. Willoughby, with a decided access of graciousness, "will you allow me to speak of another errand which I have to you, Mr. Thornton? I have some drawings here for your inspection." She took from the table a portfolio which had been brought after her by the servant, and began to untie the strings.

"Are they your own?" inquired Mr. Thornton, as calmly as he could, but with an expression of some alarm.

"Oh no! How could you suppose it! I do believe you are quizzing me. You know I am no artist myself, though, as you have seen, I have some little capacity for art. These are the productions of a young friend of mine; a *protégée*—in fact (lowering her voice and speaking rapidly;) the family are in most reduced circumstances, and this girl has shown immense genius—something quite out of the common way. She is very timid, and they have no interest themselves, poor things! so I have brought her drawings to you, to ask your candid opinion of them. I assure you her genius is quite extraordinary; and she looks forward to supporting herself and her family by her exertions as an artist."

Mr. Thornton turned over the drawings rapidly—"Ha!—not so bad—not so bad," he said, as he glanced at them in succession, "My dear Mrs. Willoughby, these are cases in which I always speak with perfect openness. Your young friend has a very pretty talent, and would do herself much credit as an amateur; but there is nothing like genius here; nothing that would justify me in recommending her to follow art as a profession. She would be only preparing disappointment for herself, and wasting time which might be far more usefully employed."

"Oh—you think so," said Mrs. Willoughby, with a blank look, and an utter change of tone. "It is her only resource: they have scarcely bread to eat."

"She would never earn bread as an artist, I assure you," returned he, very decidedly. "Let her do plain work, or give drawing-lessons to beginners; she might possibly be equal to that. But

I do assure you, that you will be no friend to her if you encourage her to imagine herself a genius."

"I am afraid you are ill," said Edith, kindly, to the silent Miss Brown, whose increasing paleness had attracted her attention.

"No, thank you," was the scarcely audible answer. She made an effort to rise, but fell back, and in another moment Edith perceived that she had fainted. All was confusion; bells were rung and essences produced. Edith supported the invalid's head and untied her bonnet, while Mrs. Dalton threw water in her face and held salts beneath her nose.

"I suppose it was too much for her, poor thing!" said Mrs. Willoughby, pompously, but not unkindly. "These are her drawings, you know; and she has been quite living on the thought of being an artist ever since she was old enough to think at all."

"Good heavens, how brutal!" cried Thornton, sadly forgetting his good breeding, in the keenness of a compassion somewhat unusual from man to woman, when the object of it has neither beauty, talent, nor rank to recommend her.

"Nay, do not reproach yourself," said Mrs. Willoughby, instantly affixing her own interpretation to the sentiment. "It is much better, you know, that she should hear the truth at once."

"Take me to mamma," said the poor girl, faintly, half opening her eyes.

"Come, come, my dear, you mustn't give way in this manner. Exert yourself, there's a good girl; you are making yourself quite ridiculous.—It's always better to scold them a little when they are fainting or hysterical," said Mrs. Willoughby, in an audible aside to Mr. Thornton, and with a little confusion among her pronouns, "but it is a hard trial for her, though, of course, it's all for the best. People do deceive themselves so—one's own kindness deceives one, and blinds one's discernment in these cases."

#### CHAPTER V.

Self-conceit is either intensely obstinate or servilely pliant, according to the breadth of the basis of self-confidence on which it rests. Mrs. Willoughby was so anxious to establish her claim to be considered an untaught genius, that she was afraid to oppose Mr. Thornton's opinion, and chimed in with it so readily that she hoped to throw her original view quite into the background. But she was really good-natured, and she therefore proceeded to claim his sympathy for her unfortunate *protégée* on other grounds.

"They are so very poor," she said, "and such deserving people. Quite gentlewomen, too."

Miss Brown rose abruptly. "I would rather go, if you please," she said, in a low, tremulous voice, to Edith, her color varying, and hands shaking as she tried to fasten her bonnet. "Mamma is only waiting for me at the lodge. I—" Edith cut short her distressing effort at composure by drawing her arm within hers, and leading her at once into the garden.

"The air will do you good," said she, soothingly.

"Oh, pray excuse me—I have been very foolish," returned her companion, hurriedly; "I could not help it. Indeed I have not intended to be conceited; I never wanted to be a genius—only we are poor, you see;" and her cheek burned as she spoke the word with painful emphasis, "and they all fancied I had talent; and I have been thinking for a long time that I should be able to save mamma from

having to work for her livelihood—and she—" Here her assumed strength gave way at once, and bursting into tears, she added, "Oh, how shall I tell her!"

"Let me come with you," said Edith, much distressed. "Pray don't try to restrain your feelings—don't think of me as a stranger. Sit down on this bench—there—(taking her hand) you will be better soon."

"I am better now," faltered she, struggling to repress her sobs. "I will go at once. Pray excuse me. I would rather go alone. You are very kind. I am extremely obliged to you, but I would rather go by myself."

"You shall do exactly as you please," replied Edith, gently, and cordially shaking her young companion's hand, ere she dropped it. "But are you sure that you are able to walk so far as the lodge without assistance?"

"O yes, quite, thank you," answered Miss Brown, with forced cheerfulness and a painful smile. "I am well again, I assure you. It is much better as it is. I shall never be so foolish again," she added, with a dreary, desolate resignation, like one whose life has been robbed of the single hope which gave it light and color, and who is trying to believe that the neutral tint of aimless indifference is better than either.

"I wish I could persuade you"—began Edith, with some hesitation.

"No; do not," interrupted she quickly, "do not persuade me, out of kindness, to *believe* again. It is better to know the truth at once; and hope is only another name for disappointment. Good-bye, and thank you very much." She turned as she was leaving Edith, and suddenly, with an averted face and much agitation of manner, said, "Will you forgive my asking you one more favor! Mrs. Willoughby is very kind, and I am very grateful to her, but—" she stopped, seemingly unable to articulate another word.

"You don't wish to see her again," cried Edith, eager to divine her meaning, and save her from the pain of expressing it. I will take care that she does not follow you."

"Thank you," said the other, half smiling, "but I did not mean that."

"What then?" inquired Edith.

"Why, she may probably—I am afraid—out of mistaken kindness—she might ask to have those drawings bought—for charity—and, *will* you prevent this?" The last words were spoken with sudden vehemence, and she clasped her hands over her burning face.

"Trust it to me," said Edith earnestly and kindly. "Don't let that idea trouble you for a moment. I will take care that it shall not be done. And now, before you go, have the kindness to give me your address, for I assure you I am not inclined to let our acquaintance end here."

"Thank you, thank you," said the poor girl, once more uncovering her eyes.

"Don't thank me," answered Edith, playfully, "but do as I ask, if you please." She drew forth pencil and paper, and wrote the words which her companion tremulously pronounced, "Alice Brown, 5, West-street, Beechwood, Dorsetshire."

"Beechwood!" cried Edith, "why, that is the name of Mrs. Dalton's place, and that, too, is in Dorsetshire."

"Yes," replied Alice, "that is Beechwood Park. It is four miles from the town of Beechwood."

"Then I shall see you before very long, for I am





world who was not a thorough coquette at heart, and who did not love teasing better than anything else."

"And with that pretty sentiment, which must vindicate with every woman your claim to be judge and adviser-general of the sex—I leave you," returned Edith, forcing a laugh as she ran into the house.

Edith's pride was roused and her temper irritated. She felt all the injustice of her brother's remarks too keenly to feel the justice of them at all. If there was a latent spark of real coquetry in her heart it was roused by his most unwise and taunting assertion that "Mr. Thornton did not care sixpence for her." She felt, moreover, as she had said, that she was no longer a child, and that he was treating her as though she were one. She resolved to show her independence, and she felt secretly certain that Miss Glanville would not attract Mr. Thornton from her side at the bazaar on the following day. She told herself that she was not flirting—that she was only

legitimately enjoying herself—that Lord Vaughan was not in love with her, and that Mr. Thornton and she were only forming a friendship. When she thought of her brother's strictures on Amy Dalton, she could not contain her indignation. "It shows clearly," thought she, "how determined he is to find fault with everything that I do, and it would be quite weak to give way to it. But it is not like my own dear Frank—it is quite unkind. I know what I will do. I will tease him *thoroughly* to-morrow morning, by way of a little innocent revenge, and then I will talk to him afterwards and coax him, and make him see that he has been foolish, and that I don't deserve all these terrible denunciations."

Such was the satisfactory result of Frank Kinraid's judicious lecture; such the mood in which Edith went to her stall at the fancy bazaar!

And where was Philip Everard? And what was he thinking? It is time to inquire.

#### COLONIZING CAPACITIES OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

THERE is a tendency, says Mr. George Pemberton of Canada, on the part of emigrants to pass from British North America to the United States; and this proceeds from the greater amount of public works carried on in the United States. The experience of the British Provinces, taken by itself, goes to confirm this view. New Brunswick, with large natural resources, is not more contrasted with the United States in the backwardness which it exhibits as to the progress of settlement than it is in the paucity and simplicity of its public works; which are almost limited to indifferent roads. Yet such progress as it has made in the process of settlement has mainly followed the course of its road-making. The subject derives peculiar interest just now from the project of forming a railroad to connect Halifax and Quebec, as a means not only of vastly improving the colony and the whole relations of the British North American colonies, but also of facilitating the settlement of large numbers of laboring emigrants from Ireland. We quote in another part of our paper copious extracts from the report of Lord Monteaule's committee: they will be found to bear out the summary which we proceed to give.

In the year 1844, the number of emigrants into New Brunswick was 2,500; in 1846, 9,500. Of the larger number, about 4,500 passed on into the United States; but still the increase in the number that remained was considerable. No difficulty was felt in providing for the increased number: various employments were brisk in the city of St. John; but the chief source of employment was the grant of £40,000 provided by the local legislature for road-making. The effect of the road-making in a country like New Brunswick, thickly wooded and mostly desert, is striking and instantaneous. By providing immediate employment for the emigrant, it attracts greater numbers to the spot; opening a way into the desert, it enables the settlements to be extended; and the productiveness of the colony is directly augmented. Road-making in New Brunswick forms a very appropriate occupation for the new comer: in the first instance, he is employed in kinds of earth-work with which he is familiar at home; by degrees, in the winter season, he becomes acquainted with the more arduous, more valuable, and better-paid labor of the axe; next he gets to learn and to appreciate the opportunity of

fered to the actual settler, and, withdrawing from the occupation of a journeyman on the roads, he becomes a settler on the land; making room for others to follow in the same course. The witnesses before Lord Monteaule's committee, whose character and information are beyond question, describe some very prosperous settlements thus formed in New Brunswick. In one case, certain destitute emigrants who established a settlement in 1837 are now the owners of property. And it is interesting to find that the Irishman, removed from his native condition of idle hopelessness to the sphere of colonial industry, becomes as good a settler as any. The Irish settlements are not behind others in prosperity or good order.

The evidence places it beyond a doubt, that if railways were substituted for common roads, the same results would be attained with a proportionate rapidity and on a proportionate scale of magnitude. It is proposed to form a line of railway from Halifax to Quebec, which would pass through part of Nova Scotia, the centre of New Brunswick, and part of Canada. The formation of a railroad on the American plan, for such regions, is by no means a work of such expense as one in England: the timber found and felled upon the spot is laid transversely to the height requisite for the level, and the railway thus goes upon an embankment constructed with the cheapest of materials—the refuse of the clearing. The railway will open a path right through the province, and will facilitate the formation of settlements by its sides throughout its length in New Brunswick; besides the direct employment afforded in Canada and Nova Scotia, the railway will virtually call into living existence the dormant wastes of New Brunswick. It will supply a more certain path for much of the produce of Canada. It will politically bind the North American colonies together, and will strengthen their military tenure. But the point which just now most concerns us is the facility which the railway will afford for the process of settling emigrants from the parent country. We have already seen that the common road-making furnishes the main channel for absorbing about 5,000 emigrants yearly; and Mr. Perley, the government emigration agent of New Brunswick, estimates that if the great trunk railway, with some feeders which are already begun, were carried out, it would furnish immediate employment for 40,000 or 50,000 emigrants within the year, or ten times

the number provided for under the present system. This is evidently no extravagant estimate.

But, as Mr. Perley says, "emigration makes emigration;" and such employment on one great work would give an immense stimulus to other employments—to the fisheries of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, to the mineral works of Nova Scotia, to the shipping and trade of Halifax and St. John, to the agriculture of New Brunswick and eventually of Canada; with the increasing resources of the colony, its own internal process of extending the settlements would advance, its demand for immigrant labor would augment; and, in short, the active prosperity of the colony must advance in such an infinite number of modes and to such an infinite extent, that Mr. Cunard is justified in saying that the great railway might become the primary means of providing for "millions" of settlers.

Be it remembered that this is no mere speculation: certain of the data are fixed. The process contemplated is that which is already seen at work. "Very destitute persons"—"paupers"—from England and from Ireland, have been settled on the land, and have become flourishing colonists within ten years, by the process of common road-making which is actually going on. The rule is, that if you make a road, you furnish work for emigrants, they settle on the land to which the road conducts them, and they flourish as colonists. That process is actually going on in New Brunswick at the rate of 5,000 emigrants a year. But the *modus operandi* is no mystery: it is evident that its extent is only limited by the want of disengaged funds for the purpose of road-making: supply the funds, and you may at once multiply the actual process tenfold. The calculation that, with its great railway, New Brunswick could provide employment, subsistence, and settlements for 50,000 emigrants a year, is perhaps one of the most moderate estimates ever framed.

But New Brunswick, to which we have for the present limited the consideration, is only one out of the large number of English colonies. Fifty thousand a year would be a great addition to the annual relief of Ireland; and it would be provided by only one of England's colonies, under a judicious system of public works as a preliminary to settlement. In the course of analyzing the report of Lord Monteaule's committee, we shall show that other colonies can in like manner contribute to that relief, with immense advantage to themselves. The sole want, then, is some intellect among our officials capable of conceiving and of dealing with these large wants and great operations.—*Spectator*.

#### OUR FLIGHT WITH LOUIS PHILIPPE.

GIRD up thy loins, old Louis, and look abroad with me.

Nay, shrink not back: I know it; there are sorry sights to see.

'T was but late that with a minister o'er London town I flew,

And now, mine ancient gentleman, I have a flight for you.

I showed him the work of centuries, I'll show thee the work of years;

He heard the cry of poverty, thou shalt mark a monarch's tears;

I bared for him the hut, for thee I'll open palace gates;

The fester probed in streets for him, I'll probe for thee in states.

Up, heavy weight of kingship! Up, hoary weight of sin!

Or must I rip thy pockets, before our flight begin? No soul with silver freighted, on voyage like ours may go;

No eye that's sealed with golden scales can see the sights I show.

Out come the ducats tumbling—out come dollar and doubloon—

Now for the five-franc pieces—we shall shoot skyward soon!

Now, down with that dotation; down with it—no good-bye!

We're right at last! So—clutch me fast! How merrily we fly!

We've left Paris far behind us—on the broad wings of the breeze—

Those glimmering peaks—Dost know them? Those are the Pyrenees.

Nay, pause not over Burgos; there's cold welcome from the Cid.

Now southward turn—and lo, where burn the dim lights of Madrid!

Look not askance, but brave a glance at yonder palace room;

Dark all, both hall and heart of him that dwells there in his gloom.

So bravely clad, and yet so sad—so wan—so lonely waking—

And yet no widower is he, but the husband of thy making.

Art thou looking for the wedded wife where wedded wife should lie,

In the bosom of her husband? 'T was the wont in days gone by!

Not there—not there. Trace yonder stair, to a chamber far apart,

Where sits the wife, a widow's life, and a widow's woful heart.

Oh, work well done! Prize bravely won! And where's the fool to rue it!

Thou hast gained Montpensier a dower, and broke two hearts to do it.

Count up that dower, then add the power, to say nought of the bride—

What man of business reckons hearts on the *per contra* side!

Now, left and right, look through the night—see Fraud and Faction working;

See present jars and future wars in rotten cabinets lurking;

See Lies parade, in stars arrayed, that mock the wearer's features;

See sad Truth—if thou canst see her, through the foul crowd of thy creatures!

And now one look on Italy, that stirreth from her sleeping,

And the Eagle nigh, that, hungrily, for the swoop a watch is keeping;

While France, that, erst, such birds obscene from Freedom's cradle scared,

With fettered hands and blinded eyes stands by, her sword unbarred.

Nay, dost thou shake, old monarch? Is there grace enough behind,

To wake thee to a better life, a less ignoble mind? Oh, if there be! the future's free, the past may be atoned;

If there be not, woe worth the lot, that the last Bourbon throned!

*Punch.*

From the Spectator.

## ANTWERP.

THERE is not much of literary expectation now-a-days in a steam voyage to Antwerp and a trip thence to Brussels, even although the journey was made in dead winter; neither has a visit to a monastery of Trappists near Westmalle very great promise to assist in eking out a narrative. *Antwerp*, however, though taking the form of a tour, is not so much a book of travels as a description of a city, with its manners and society. The author, with two relatives, sojourned at Antwerp during the winter season, and had access to the best society of the place. And his book mainly consists of descriptions of balls, evening parties, clubs, and the doings there, with little incidents, and what are called sketches; all done in good taste, without breach of social propriety, and calculated to place the scene and the customs of the people before the reader. To these things are added notices of more public matters, such as fêtes and theatres, open to any tourist, though perhaps observed to more advantage in winter than in summer. There is besides, some of the general matter of a common book of travels in sketches of show places, out-of-door views, and anecdotes of the street or the shop, but having the advantage of that greater selection about them which the habitué obtains over the bird of passage.

"Brussels" is a mere sketch of the city, as seen in a day or two—though by a person who did not see it for the first time, extended by some reminiscences of a former excursion to Waterloo. "Westmalle," the Trappist monastery, contains the account of a visit of curiosity made as a claimant of the monks' hospitality. Though limited to some four-and-twenty hours, the author made full use of his powers of observation and reflection, and corrected his first impressions by additional information. The narrative will be found a curious and rather discouraging picture of monastic life in a severe order; but by one who, while he freely admits the uses of the monastic institution, and the benefits that have flowed from it, has clearly no vocation that way himself.

Such topics as these must greatly depend upon the writer. A traveller who visits a country rarely or never trodden by civilized man, has broad and new information to impart, and a story to tell of personal adventures, which derive interest from their matter and novelty, let them be told how they may. The descriptions of buildings, landscapes, sights, and manners which, but slightly differ from our own, and only in style, require more accuracy of perception and nicety of delineation. A common draughtsman will suffice for a new or rare animal; but we require an artist for the ox or the horse, even although it may be French or Flemish. And the author of *Antwerp* is sufficiently artistical for the end he has in view. His mind is vivacious, his manner brisk and pleasant, his composition sustained by vigor and smartness; and though, apparently, accustomed to the pen, he is not a mere writer, eking out his space by labored descriptions or reverie. He also appears a man of society, and what is better, a man of sense, who makes allowances for a difference of forms, and does not set up English, or perhaps his English customs, as universal rules, but is content to take the world as it is, and get as much as he can out of it. Hence, *Antwerp*, though by no means an important or necessary book, accomplishes the end the author had in view;

which was to present a series of city and social sketches, illustrative of Antwerp and its manners.

Balls and evening parties are a pretty frequent topic. For the reader to understand an occasional allusion, it is requisite to know that partners are engaged and booked with all the care and precision of a banker's account.

"As you enter, a servant gives you a card with directions as to the figures of the quadrilles printed on one side, and on the other the order of the dances in general, as galop, contre-danse, valse—contre-danse, galop, and so forth; and also, on the same side, a table for engagements, as 1st, 2d, and 3d contre-dances, &c.; 1st, 2d, and 3d vales, &c.; and your very important business, if you care about dancing, is at once to engage partners for the whole length and breadth of the ball, and for the contre-dances, vis-à-vis also. If you do not look particularly sharp after this duty, you are certain to languish all night in ignoble idleness, among respectable fathers of families, and *les tapisseries*, as the ladies who immovably line the walls are here called.

"One of the programmes distributed at the Union balls is selected for illustration. It is a large paper ticket, with a flowery border in gold, enclosing at top the words 'Cercle de l'Union,' and within as follows.

## 'Engagements.

Contre-dances.	Valses.
1 _____	2 _____
2 _____	3 _____
3 _____	4 _____
4 _____	5 _____
5 _____	
6 _____	Galops.
7 _____	1 _____
8 _____	2 _____
9 _____	3 _____
	4 _____
Valses.	5 _____
1 _____	6 _____

"A lady, young and so forth, is soon engaged for all the dances of the night; and when asked for the honor and pleasure, &c., she will refer to her memoranda of engagements before vouchsafing a reply. Some carry about elegant little books for the purpose, and some use the leaves of their fans. Thus, the proposal assumes quite the character of a matter of business—a negotiation. 'Mademoiselle, may I have honor of dancing the first valse with you?' 'I regret, but it is taken.' 'The second?' 'No—stay; I can give you the fourth, or the third galop, if you like,' &c. &c.; and the two quietly book the engagement. It was laughable to see a crowd of expectant youths standing round the entrance-door, and eagerly closing upon each young lady as she entered, just as tame fish dart upon a piece of bread thrown into their glass vase, assailing her, books and pencils in hand, with petitions, making their night up, and taking a note of it."

After this introduction to the essential preliminary to dancing, we will pass on from the Philharmonic ball, a sort of public "assembly" or club, to a more private affair.

"After dinner to the party, the first fruits of my letter of introduction.

"We were set down on carpeted steps, under a porte-cochère, and shown into a small room, where ladies' maids and a cheval glass were doing duty, respectively active and passive, and where people deposited hats, cloaks, and swords—swords, because here all officers, as a general rule, appear at all dress parties in uniform. As to hats, many men carry a small chapeau bras into the rooms. A



servant inquired our names, and leading us through an ante-room, threw open the folding doors at the further end of it, and announced us at the top of his voice. Just within we found the host with his wife and daughter, all radiant with gracious and welcoming smiles.

"I was handed over to a cousin; who took my arm, and plunged me into the midst of a crowd of some three hundred people; where, with his help, I 'made my book' for the night: contre-dances were still to be had, at a fair price, but valse and galops had been nearly all taken up, and were quite at a premium. A dancing stranger, among so many new faces, called by such strange and unfamiliar names, must use his wits, lest he should forget an engagement, or lose his lady or his vis-à-vis—all mortal offences.

"The rooms had been recently decorated, and this ball was, I believe, intended for a sort of house-warming after the process. There were five of them, and a hall, on the ground floor, en suite; completing the square of the house, so that you could walk through them as long as you pleased, without turning back. They were elegantly and richly furnished, with silk hangings, Turkey carpets, marble and ormolu chandeliers and candelabra. The principal dancing-room was a large square, the walls hung with crimson silk damask, let into panels, with white and gold wood-work and decorations, large mirrors, and a costly marble chimney piece. The floor was of elaborate inlaid work, of various light-colored woods and ebony, as fine as the marqueterie of a cabinet, and polished like glass. The lighting, by a profusion of wax candles, was perfect.

"A crowd of guests, so dense that you could scarcely move, here waited for something to do, and talked as fast and as much as they could in the mean time. At a given signal, the curtains of the centre window of three occupying one side of the room, were suddenly drawn back by an invisible hand, and disclosed the orchestra, in a small pavilion, opening by the window into the room, lined with crimson damask, and lighted by a lamp hanging from the centre of the roof; the effect was very theatrical and pretty. Simultaneously arose the preliminary groans and squeaks of the instruments; and immediately partners were singled out, a space was cleared, and the dancing began. The band-master from time to time shouted out the names of the figures of the contre-danse, and directions for the different parts of them; and he did it in the oddest way, opening his eyes wide as he called out, so that they seemed to be worked by strings tied to his jaws, and puffing out his cheeks, and finally appearing to make a violent swallow of a very large plum, exactly as if he went by clock-work—all the time fiddling away as for dear life.

"One large room was appropriated to card-playing, in which both men and women here indulge most systematically. Ices and other pleasant things were carried about, and we had supper in a suite of rooms on the first floor. It was served out by servants standing behind long tables, as shopmen stand behind counters; and a welcome pair circulated about among the guests, one carrying a supply of champagne, and the other a basketful of long glasses.

"It was a well-managed affair, and the company the best of Antwerpian society—the governor, the burgomaster, the two generals, the *nobles*, as they are called here—that is, the class who with us are titled or untitled people as the case may be, of

established family and condition—the consuls, leading merchants and bankers, (many of the *grandeas* here are in some way or other engaged in mercantile pursuits,) and a few of the staff and officers of the garrison. Many of the women are strikingly handsome. We were, I think, the only *English* English there.

"It is the established custom for the invited to fee the servants handsomely on leaving the house; and you are sure to find a major-domo at the door, who receives the five-franc pieces quite as a matter of course."

There is some information about dress in *Antwerp*, with some sensible remarks on class costume; though the suggestions are scarcely practicable in a country where there is no distinctly defined class, and almost every one is striving to pass as member of a grade above his own.

"The most noticeable shops in Antwerp seem to be those of the mercers and lace-venders, the gingerbread and cake shops, the braziers, and the tobacconists. Of each sort there is a great number. The lace-work and silks of Antwerp are celebrated. I once took particular pains to ascertain the precise form and fashion of that most graceful garment the Spanish mantilla, which, or at any rate a modification of it, is in common wear here; and found it to be a piece of rich, stiff, black silk, some three yards long for a short woman, and four for a tall one, cut square at the two ends, and finished there with black silk fringe: it is just simply, in fact, an ample scarf. They fold it—I had a lesson in the art—in width once, and arrange it over the top of the head, a little shading the face, and then the ends hang down in front, nearly to the feet; or they throw it off the head, letting it fall gracefully pendant from the elbows or shoulders. The best of these mantillas, of a stiff, leathery richness of silk, unknown in England, costs about one hundred francs. There is a peculiar cap, too, worn by the women, with large semi-circular flaps falling down on each side of the face, very becoming to many. Over this, some wear a sort of straw bonnet, with a high conical-shaped crown, and a mere apology for a brim.

"The women of the lower orders never wear the thing we call a bonnet—the legitimate, shapeless, unmeaning, hideous bonnet. They wear either the peculiar straw pot I have just described, or clean lace caps, or handkerchiefs bound round the head, or the mantilla. The latter is very common; you see it to admirable effect on figures moving about and grouping together in the streets, or kneeling on the pavements of the churches.

"It has always seemed to me to be regretted that the poorer women of England should have no costume of their own—that they should persist in a draggled-tail and vulgar imitation of the dress of those whom by courtesy we will call 'the ladies of the land,' (a sailor, in a police court, once described a *gentleman* as a man who wore a long-tailed coat,) instead of taking to themselves, as in other countries, a certain distinct *class* costume, which, as it would be worn by the great majority, would be in fact a *national* costume, and which, from the cheapness of its materials, they might always afford to have in clean, seemly, and decent condition. It would be a great saving to them, and a real addition to their comfort. As it is, our servant girls, and the wives of our laborers and mechanics, go about so many shabby-genteel reproductions of the costume of her majesty Queen Victoria: it is the same bonnet, the same shawl

and gown, the same *toute ensemble*—only, in greater or less degree, shabbier, coarser, or worse chosen and put on. The real dignity of the poor woman, let it be observed—and it is of importance that her dignity should be maintained—would be much promoted by her adopting a costume of her own.

“Apropos of the dress of womankind in Antwerp, I could fancy that many of the women there retain much of the Spanish blood of the land’s former rulers: they are frequently tall and dark, with fine figures, and in their black mantillas look as if they had come from Madrid by the last train. Indeed, the Spanish stamp appears indelible here.”

We could easily extend our extracts by passages of a similar kind, or by some of a more solid cast in relation to the grades of society, the siege of Antwerp, or the discipline, mode of life, and appearances of feeling among the monks at Westmalle: but the book is not very big, and we have said and quoted enough to indicate its character.

From the Spectator.

#### THE WOLCOTT MEMOIRS OF THE ADMINISTRATIONS OF WASHINGTON AND ADAMS.

THE form of this publication is that of the life and correspondence of Oliver Wolcott, the American financial administrator, who served under Hamilton as auditor of the treasury, and succeeded that chief of the federalists in the office of secretary. The main purpose of the book, however, is an exposition and defence of the federal administrations of Washington and Adams, from the formation of the new constitution of the United States in 1789 to the downfall of the federalist party in 1801. In the words of the editor, Mr. Gibbs, “The life of the individual has been made subservient to a wider design—the contribution of materials for the biography of a party.” The life of Wolcott up to his connection with the government under the new constitution in 1789 is judiciously brief, though not devoid of biographical traits. From that period till 1801, when Wolcott resigned and the volumes close, Wolcott is, so to speak, a medium or centre for political facts and opinions. His offices gave him official influence and weight, which his friendship with Hamilton augmented; his connection by family ties or friendship with some of the most respectable and patriotic people of the revolution made him the receptacle of the opinions of part of a party; while, though seeming to hold himself aloof from politics, he was a follower of Washington in the abstract, but in practice a disciple of Hamilton, and did as much as he quietly could both in giving and receiving suggestions to forward the party’s views. Hence his correspondence contains a large amount of the real opinions of politicians, with, of course, their heats and prejudices. It also exhibits the respectable American federalist character of that day in its most private and unguarded sentiments; and this, perhaps, is the curious if not the valuable feature of the volumes.

The family of Wolcott might rank among the most ancient and respectable in the States. The settlement of his ancestor, a country gentleman, who sold his property and emigrated on account

of religion to New England, dates from 1630. Oliver Wolcott’s father entered the army in 1747 as a captain, and served till the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. He then practised both as a physician and a farmer, (a conjunction not unusual in the colonies,) was chosen sheriff of his county, and filled other civil offices. On the breaking out of the war of independence, he became an active leader in military and political affairs; commanded a considerable force at the surrender of Burgoyne’s army; was a friend of Washington and other leading men of the revolution; and after the establishment of independence, was annually elected lieutenant-governor and governor of his state; which last office he held at the time of his death, in 1797. His son, Oliver Wolcott, the secretary of the treasury, born in 1760, was educated for the law, and called to the bar in 1781. But want of fortune, and the troubles of the times, threw him into public life, and engaged him in the financial and civil business of the state of Connecticut. The assiduity and ability he displayed in various offices, coupled probably with the family influence, procured him the appointment of auditor to the treasury, when Washington and his coadjutors framed the constitution; and he subsequently became secretary, an office analogous to our chancellor of the exchequer. The private and official correspondence in which Wolcott was engaged, together with his memoranda, drafts of papers, and miscellaneous documents, extend to nearly fifty manuscript volumes. Of these, twenty appear to contain the most valuable and important matter; and from them the contents of the present book have been drawn, so far as they consist of original correspondence.

For after the introductory chapters, the literary plan of the work is a species of annals or commentary. The principal events both foreign and domestic are handled pretty much in chronological succession; the chapter sometimes taking a senatorial title—as “Second Congress, First and Second Sessions,” sometimes a seasonal—as “Summer and Fall of 1793;” the events discussed following in the order of their occurrence. Each epoch, or in some cases each question, is introduced with a commentary by Mr. Gibbs, giving the federal view of the subject, and so strongly as to admit neither virtue nor merit among the democratic party, while all that the federalists do or propose is generally treated as excellent in itself and necessary under the circumstances. These general accounts are followed by letters, and occasionally by documents illustrative of the subject which the editors has exhibited; epistles to Wolcott predominating in number over those written by him. The authors of this correspondence are various, and with very few exceptions federalists. Some—as Washington, Hamilton, and Adams—are historical characters, familiar to all; others—as Ames, Trumbull, and Rufus King—are known here by name at least; others have no European reputation, though distinguished in their day in America as politicians or influential men.

The American value and objects of the book

must be judged of by Americans. To us it seems that the historical value is small; throwing little new light and giving little new information, at least as it relates to Washington's administration. The real subjects of most of the letters are not so much facts as comments upon facts, mingled with reflections upon public opponents, elections and other small business, which, however important to the politicians at the time, have nothing *historical* in their nature, and have now little European interest. These, no doubt, are occasionally relieved by epistles of greater weight—especially one by Hamilton *advising* (for in his retirement he seems to have acted as government adviser) the topics and mode of addressing the French government during the misunderstanding that had nearly led to a war with France; which gives a high opinion of his diplomatic skill and prudence. The whole collection, too, has more readable interest than might have been supposed, owing to the reality of the matter, and the sober, sensible views of the writers, although often impregnated with party feeling. For the reader of American history the book has a further value, in the manner in which he is carried over the principal actions, introduced to the private thoughts and views of the principal actors, thrown off very often at the moment of conception, and is carried as it were behind the scenes of the great political drama.

The English interest of the book chiefly arises from the view which it gives of the opinion of the more respectable American public men who conducted the revolution, but were formed under the times which preceded it. We think it is either Abdy or Marryat who remarks that some of the old gentlemen of New England reminded him of the same class at home; and many of the writers in these volumes leave a similar impression upon the mind. There is about them an antique stamp, such as called forth the admiration and exclamation of the later Romans, "*O prisca fides!*" Republican themselves, perhaps from an independent dislike to have subjects ruling over them, they have a deep aversion to theories of liberty, abstract rules of government, or "*rights of men*;" considering experience, circumstances, and national character, as the given conditions of modes of rule. They had no abstract objection to kings and nobility, no affected contempt for them, or mouthing abuse. Respecting themselves, understanding their position, and their (pecuniary) mediocrity of fortune, they had none of the envious and insolent swagger of the modern demagogue; whom, indeed, they would have hated with that intensity which is always bestowed upon only schismatics. Well read in politics, apparently in the school of Burke, and bringing reflection and a practical knowledge of affairs to the aid of reading, their views of the condition and prospects of Europe, during the height of the French revolutionary war, are frequently curious from their judgment; and the predictions sometimes remarkably sagacious. To these sound and respectable qualities of public men are added freedom in familiar intercourse, subdued

in some by a formal kind of politeness, with much worldly sagacity and prudence in the conduct of life. A letter which old General Wolcott writes to his son, (whom, by the by, he always seems to address as "*Sir*,") on his first appointment in the treasury, is not only a good sample of the old man's character, but contains a rule of conduct which may be applied to many situations in life, as well as to all men in responsible position.

"From Oliver Wolcott, sen.

"Litchfield, Nov. 24th, 1789.

"Sir,

"Old age is very apt to be vain in giving advice. No one, I believe, of your years requires it less, as you have been long conversant with people of almost every condition, and very readily investigate the principles of human action; yet I will indulge myself once, and, which I shall probably never think it necessary to do again, advise you that in every matter of consequence you depend, in the last resort, upon your own judgment rather than upon that of any other. In this mode of conduct you will less frequently err. It will induce a stricter habit of reflection, and if you mistake, you will not feel the mortification of being misguided by such as may have an interest in deceiving you. The executive officers with whom you will have most intercourse will, I believe, be inclined to treat you with generosity and frankness, from the first magistrate downwards. An open, unassuming behavior will be most agreeable to them; this naturally induces confidence, and may be done consistently with such reservation as may be necessary. It is generally said that courtiers always act in disguise. This is far from being universally the case; and when it is, it is more generally owing to their situation than choice, especially among those who are to be denominated good men; to which character I truly believe the first magistrate, and the heads of the executive departments, all of whom I know, are justly entitled. The habits and manners of a soldier are naturally open and frank; and if at any time it shall seem to be otherwise, such conduct will be rather assumed and politic than otherwise.

"Your service will be complicated and arduous; but you will reflect that those who are to judge of your services will be most capable of making a just estimate of them. You may therefore safely indulge yourself with as much exercise and relaxation as will be necessary for your health. Endeavor further to preserve the *mens sana in corpore sano* by yielding at times to a certain vacuity of thought. As to your mode of living, I need say but very little; your habits of temperance will render it unnecessary."

We have met with various accounts of the state of France during the revolution, as judged by external appearances; but the following is the best we have seen, on account of its deductions. It is from the pen of Trumbull, who was in Europe in a diplomatic capacity.

TRUMBULL ON FRANCE, IN 1795.

"You request me to tell you what I have seen. It is not easy, my dear sir, to describe scenes so immense, so various, and so fluctuating. If, therefore, I give you two or three prominent features of the vast whole, you must be satisfied. The state of cultivation is perhaps one of the most interesting points at the present moment. I have crossed the



country from Havre de Grace to Basle, through Paris, by one road, and returned by another; and in all the distance I see nothing that marks a neglect of agriculture, or a want of hands to labor; on the contrary, the earth is covered with all the usual variety of crops, all promising abundance, if the approach of harvest be warm. Up to the time that I left the country, we had too much rain and cold, which have extended also to this country. Another circumstance struck me forcibly; I mean the very few beggars I met with. Formerly, whenever a carriage stopped to change horses it was surrounded by half a dozen, and often by a whole one, of miserable objects who assailed you in the name of God, and whose appearance bore but too forcible a testimony to the justice of their fervent applications. I have now passed many, very many post-houses, without meeting a single mendicant. This and some other observations convince me that the condition of the lowest classes of society is improved, perhaps as much as that of the rich is declined; so that, with all the horrid scenes which have passed, and all the accumulation of wretchedness which has overwhelmed the upper orders of society, I am disposed to believe that the sum of human happiness has rather increased than diminished. This, to be sure, is no apology for those who have drenched the cities in blood; and we can only regard them as we would a pestilence—as horrid instruments in the hand of Providence to scourge, and ultimately to purify, the corruption of men. Again, I have seen the city of Paris exhibit an example of patient fortitude, which I did not expect from such a mass of ignorant and profligate people. I have seen them week after week receive the miserable pittance of two ounces of bad bread to a person a day; and support this privation with fewer instances of riot, impatience or murmur, than you would have expected from a race of philosophers.”

The late plea of the Philadelphians for the non-payment of their debts was, that the foreign settlers, chiefly Germans, outnumbered the “drab-colored men.” From various passages in the correspondence it would seem that the Philadelphians did not rank very high half a century ago. The following is a sketch of them by Wolcott, junior, in a letter to his father. It must be remembered that it was not only a new government, but a new constitution that was just set up and had to work.

“The indications of the public sentiment with respect to the new government are very equivocal. The northern states, and the commercial and moneyed people, are zealously attached to it. The state executives and officers cannot be considered as good friends; many of them are designing enemies.

“This state, [Philadelphia,] though very officious in obtruding their opinions, will have but little influence. The power and respectability which persons not acquainted with their affairs attribute to them, is ideal. A great portion of the members are ignorant men; they are collected from all nations under heaven; many have smarted under the scourges of European tyranny, and act under the influences of old prejudices and habits, though their present condition is entirely different from any which they formerly experienced. Zeal for liberty, the principles of which they do not understand, and envy of abilities and industry which they cannot emulate, induce them to raise objections to every

measure of government. If they were a compact, uniform body of people, governed by the same passions and sympathies, and had their present disposition to advise, they would be formidable; but the desultory projects of Quakers, Tories, Anti-Feds, [Anti-Federalists,] Germans, and Irishmen, who mutually despise and hate each other, will be insufficient to overcome the great and substantial influence of property and reason in this state.”

The following passage is not only curious for its general spirit of prophecy, singularly fulfilled by the event, but exhibits what seems to have been a *dumb* feeling in the respectable part of American society, at a time when in this country, and probably throughout the world, Americans were supposed to be animated by the fiercest opposition against Great Britain, and desirous of her downfall. There was a doubt at the time whether America might not have been driven to hostilities with France, on account of the intrigues and insolence of the directorial government and agents.

#### G. CABOTT ON ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

“But after all, my greatest reliance is that Great Britain will keep the monster at bay until he destroys himself, or becomes less dangerous to others; and I cannot believe that any vicissitudes in the internal affairs of England will sensibly diminish their naval strength, or divert its application, as long as France remains formidable. England certainly possesses abundant means of every kind to defend herself against France and as many of the powers on the continent as France can compel to act as auxiliaries. I shall not believe, therefore, until I see it, that England will yield in the present contest. Mr. Erskine, Mr. Waddington, and some thousands of others, will try at every period of misfortune to displace the ministers; but the government, the landed as well as other property of the nation, the weight of character, and essentially the body of the nation, must, and do hate France, and will, under all circumstances, fight France as long as they can. Farewell. G. CABOTT.”

In like manner, Burke's letters on the Regicide Peace, were popular with the respectable republicans of America.

#### CHAUNCEY GOODRICH ON EDMUND BURKE.

“We have received two celebrated letters written by Mr. Burke against the ministry for entering on negotiations of peace. Though but lately put to the press, they have run to the eighth edition. He considers the republic of France as an Algiers in the centre of Europe, with whom the civilized world can hold no communion. Whether he be correct or not in his main point, the pamphlet is full of original sentiment relative to the Jacobins in England, France and the world, highly valuable to every country, and to ours as much as any one. There are but one or two here; I hope they will be soon reprinted.”

The text and the original letters in these volumes must be received with allowance, as the representations of writers on a side. Still, with every allowance, they do not show many leading politicians of the “model republic,” as any better in its infancy than in its youth—manhood it has not yet reached. Whether Randolph, in 1795, applied

to Fauchet, the French ambassador, with the treasonable purpose of fomenting an insurrection against the government of which he was a member, or whether, as we rather think, he attempted to trick the Frenchman out of money for his private uses on a public pretence, it is clear that an American secretary of state applied to a foreign ambassador for funds to be ostensibly used against the ministry of which he was a member. Monroe and other Americans at Paris betrayed, if not their country, yet the government they were serving, for party objects. Mr. Gallatin and some others were untainted by mercenary baseness, but they allowed faction to carry them on to treason; and as for the respectability of smaller men, here is a picture of the "just men" of one city.

PUBLIC CHARACTERS OF PHILADELPHIA, 1796.

*"Chauncey Goodrich to Oliver Wolcott, senior.*

*"Philadelphia, Dec. 13, 1796.*

"I place under cover to Frederic, a paper of yesterday, in which you will find Governor Mifflin in his address has done the government of Connecticut the honor of particular mention. It merits and I presume will meet only with contempt. A few days after this display of patriotism and a holy zeal against speculation, the president and cashier of the State Pennsylvania Bank had been guilty of an embezzlement of its moneys or malversation. The president had by connivance taken from the bank one hundred thousand dollars and more, without consent of the directors, which, though charged, he kept without interest. He and the cashier are both displaced. It was yesterday rumored that Governor Mifflin, whose son-in-law was cashier, had in the same way taken fifteen thousand dollars, and that he had given his security for restitution. I believe the story; but a few days will make it more certain, and in the mean time no mention need be made of it. This place furnishes indication of great depravity. Bankruptcies are frequently happening. Mr. Morris is greatly embarrassed. 'T is said that Nicholson has fled to England; that Judge Wilson has been to gaol and is out on bail. But there are so many rumors I vouch for the credit of neither. Blair M'Clenachan, lately chosen representative, has conveyed his estate to his children, to cheat his creditors."

The volumes are well edited, with good tables of contents, and an elaborate index. The historical commentary is also done with knowledge, clearness, and strength; though too strongly impregnated with federalist party views to be taken as an impartial account. Mr. Gibbs appears to have the federalist accomplishments as well as their feelings. The following opinion on American independence may be taken as an example of his style on the larger subjects.

"The character and objects of the American war have been often strangely misapprehended. It was in truth what Burke termed it, not a revolution, but

a revolution prevented. It was simply the exercise of the power inherent in the organization of society to resist the enforcement of authority inconsistent with its well-being. It was in the outset a revolt, based on the same principles, advocated by the same men, as those which had distinguished and maintained that against Charles. The course of events made it, indeed, a war of independence; but there was in its tone nothing revolutionary, nothing subversive of the established order of things. Some leaders, more far-seeing than the rest, had predicted the result; but what the people wanted, what they took up arms to get, was not some new privilege, some new liberty, but the security of rights, privileges, and immunities, which they had always had. Once committed, they were indeed driven to independence for safety's sake. Even the abolishment of royalty they had not originally intended; for abstract royalty, with three thousand miles of deep water between it and them, troubled them little, so only that they had their own legislatures, and were taxed by those alone. What we find in their speeches, what we read in the writings of those days, has much about birthright and inheritance, charters and the privileges of English-born subjects, and very little about the rights of man. The little of this that came in afterwards was not of native growth, nor indigenous to the soil. New England, the New England yeomanry, the representative of that stubborn orderly race of resisters which had laid the foundations of Old England's liberties, was little given to speculation. Certain definite and distinct ideas the people had touching rights which were the privilege of Englishmen everywhere, and in their view not necessarily the privilege of any other nation; indeed, they rather claimed the exclusive monopoly of them. To maintain these as their inheritance they considered due to their posterity; to maintain them their fathers had cut off the head of one king by sentence of a high tribunal and had deposed another by act of parliament; to maintain them still they were ready to rebel against the usurpations of the throne, or if need be of parliament itself. The doctrine of the divine right of kings was exploded even in England. One protector and two dynasties of monarchs had reigned by divine right of parliament. The principle that government was intended for the good of the governed, was to them self-evident; the consequence, that the governed were to prescribe how it should be exercised, was equally plain; and the attempts of parliament to violate the principle were subjects of resistance as well as those of the throne. This it was that they fought for, and in this there was no revolution—the revolution came afterwards.

"Democracy as a theory was not as yet. The habits and manners of the people were, indeed, essentially democratic in their simplicity and equality of condition; but this might exist under any form of government. Their governments were then purely republican. They had gone but a short way into those philosophical ideas which characterized the subsequent and real revolution in France. The great state papers of American liberty were all predicated on the abuse of chartered, not of abstract rights. The complaints against government were of violation of these."

## THE BANK ACT OF 1844, AND THE QUESTION OF PRIVATE BANKING.

THE remarks of the *Spectator* last week on the government of the Bank of England have been the subject of a misinterpretation in some journals, which is now common whenever the purely banking concerns of that corporation are alluded to. With the complaints which have lately been urged against the efficiency of the bank directors, the act of 1844, known as Peel's Bill, can have no possible connection: yet these complaints are incessantly misconstrued by the opponents of that bill into an admission that the bill is defective. Now, it must be borne in mind—and it cannot at the present juncture be too distinctly impressed—that the bank act of 1844 did not profess in the slightest degree to interfere with the operations of private bankers, or to protect the public against such evils as might arise from an injudicious management on the part of those firms. It professed, certainly, to furnish by its action an index by which the private banker *might* always regulate his concerns with safety; but it did not and could not pretend to guarantee that to this index he would attend. The sole duty of the bill, to which Sir Robert Peel pledged its infallible performance, was that of maintaining, in all times and under all circumstances, the convertibility of the bank-note: and that it has failed to fulfil this function no one will pretend to assert. For the first time, perhaps, in our commercial history, we have witnessed a pressure of the severest character both with regard to its protraction and its extent, without hearing one word of apprehension that, even when it shall come to the worst, the solvency of the issue department of the Bank of England can be placed in danger: and thus we escape an evil which if it were added to the distress that now prevails might plunge the nation into almost hopeless ruin—namely, the combination of public with private discredit. It is the management of the banking department of the Bank of England that has alone been called in question: and over this the act of 1844 has no more control than it has over the affairs of the London and Westminster Bank, or of Jones Loyd and Co., or Glyn and Co., or any other private establishment. As far as the question of management is concerned, it is as it bears upon this department alone that reform is needed; since the issue department is happily self-working, and it is out of the power of the bank court, or of any body of individuals in the world, to disturb or to avert its operation. During the whole of the spring, when warnings were daily given, not only by the press but by the rapid efflux of bullion, the bank directors poured forth money from their till in increased abundance, just in an inverse ratio to the degree in which the operation of Peel's bill was restricting their legitimate means of pursuing that course; and that this madness was checked at last, was owing solely to their having arrived at that point at which their self-acting monitor could no longer be disregarded. But this course might have been pursued by Jones Loyd and Co. just the same as by the bank, if the partners had been afflicted with similar infatuation. They might have parted from the money in *their* till with increased freedom just as it was becoming more scarce; and so might all the other private bankers of the country: and that they did not do so, is simply owing to the fact that they had the ability to observe the signs of the times, and to conduct their affairs like prudent men. Even now we see, however, that the Bank of England has

not learned its lesson; since it was only on the 2d of last month that it absolutely lowered the price of accommodation at the very time when its means were again undergoing week by week a most rapid diminution, and when everything indicated that this diminution must steadily continue until the gigantic speculations by which it was occasioned should be finally arrested; the consequence of this system of mismanagement being, that when a crash ultimately arrives, the bank, instead of being in a position to interpose by timely aid, is the chief actor, (as was again exemplified on Thursday and yesterday,) to add to the general embarrassment by adopting stringent and hurried measures for its own protection.

What the public now demand is, such a reform in the direction of the bank as shall introduce men at least capable of understanding that first principle of business which should prompt a trader to regulate the price of his commodity by the existing demand for it; and also shall secure that the parties selected should be *men of known solvency*—which would probably be the case if their election depended on the proprietors. The arguments for the appointment of a permanent governor rest upon matters of convenience which must be obvious to all; and the only interest that the government can feel in the arrangements must be such as arises from the fact that the issue department is connected with the bank, together with the fact that this corporation is the private banker of the state. Owing to these circumstances, the national repute is liable to be compromised by the utter want of commercial stability which has been manifested during the last twenty years among the directors; and it is on this ground, above all, that the intelligent public call for interference.—*Spectator*, 2 Oct.

## THE INSOLENCE OF SERVILITY.

THE servility which pursues individuals of the "distinguished," "exalted," or royal classes, to record their minutest and most trivial actions with painstaking elaboration, is a very low and base instinct at all times; ridiculous at the best, sometimes disgusting and defiling. There is mixed up with it a spirit the very reverse of reverential. It can be no genuine reverence which dogs the footsteps of kings and princes to note every paltry movement and make a wonderment of every remark, as though it were surprising that a prince should have his faculties about him. A royal court cannot visit a factory and make an intelligent observation, but that coryphæus of footmen the court newsman repeats the saying with applause, as nurses do when a baby begins to predicate truisms about its pap or its toys. The homage, we all know, is paid to the "exalted station;" but there must after all be something very humiliating to the most hardened recipient of such homage in the gross disparagement which it implies of the individual. A sovereign has senses like other men; if you tickle him he will laugh; if you show to him suffering humanity he will grieve; if you exhibit before him good feeling he will be pleased, and will express his pleasure in suitable terms. But these consequences are matters of course. The exalted personage behaves as all persons of sense and decent feeling would do; and if you express wonder at the fact, you must suppose an exalted person to be something below human nature. You are regarding the crowned creature with the same feelings as the curiosity-hunter who admires an elephant or a



monkey for behaving "so like man;" and while you worship that person whom you seek to exalt by your wonder, you debase him by its implication, and are yourself degraded to the level of those who make idol-deities of inferior animals—the monkey worshippers of Japan, or the ox-adorers of Egypt.

Sentiments so low cannot exist without displaying their vileness in some direct form. Let the sycophant forget himself, and he becomes the most sordid of libellers. "No man is a hero," says the moral sceptic, "to his valet-de-chambre." "No," replies the truer moralist, "perhaps not to a valet-de-chambre." The sneer degrades, not the hero, but the utterer, and stamps him with servility: it betrayed the soul of a footman.

So the chronicler that waits upon the footsteps of the exalted, and humbly enumerates every gracious smile upon his tally, must needs have his moments of sombre scepticism and irreverent discontent. Nothing then is sacred from his irreverent familiarity. The royal countenance, which has shined perhaps with too much tolerance upon his sycophancy, is watched with cold stare and insolent outspokening when it does not smile. On the queen's return from Scotland, one of these royalty-hunters thus ventures to indulge the wandering of his cross-grained imagination—

"When her majesty alighted from the carriage, she took hold of the Prince of Wales with her left hand, and, drawing her mantle closely round her, proceeded down the quay; Prince Albert walking on her right, and carrying an umbrella above her to keep off the rain. The princess royal was conducted to the boat by one of the royal suite. As the royal party passed along, Prince Albert acknowledged the cheers with which they were greeted; but her majesty's countenance bore none of that joyous look which she sometimes exhibits; and upon the whole, whether from indisposition, the rough sail she had had that morning, or the inclemency of the weather, she seemed very indifferent to the manifestations of her subjects' loyalty. She was handed down the stair and into the barge, which was waiting to convey her to the Black Eagle, by Mr. Campbell of Auchindarroch, who likewise lifted the Prince of Wales and the princess royal into the barge. At this time it was very wet; and the protection of the umbrella being temporarily withdrawn while her majesty was stepping on board the barge and seating herself, the rain dashed upon her face, and seemed to create a feeling of discomfort in the royal mind, if we may be allowed to judge from the expression of her countenance."

As if a face that confronted beating rain ever did wear any look but discomfort! There is something doltish in the wonderment this time. But even if the expression of "discomfort" had been of a less purely physical kind, what right has any one to watch over the countenance of another, however "exalted," in order to note every passing shade? What warrant is there for translating every vague expression, and putting upon it the bad construction of vulgar disparagement? Are all minds so much alike that we can understand each other's feelings, precisely, by looks and gestures? Above all, what man of decent manly feeling will fix his stare upon a woman, of whatsoever station, if he merely supposes that her mind is ill at ease?

But the courtly newsman has a twofold right—the born right pertaining to a mean nature, which is "rather his misfortune than his fault;" and the right conferred by the toleration of the "exalted," whose presence he so often outrages.—*Spectator*.

## THE BOTTLE-IMP OF IRELAND.

THE anti-rent movement in Ireland is neither a new occasion for alarm, nor new in its cause, or even in its substance. It is only a new shape in which the evil of Ireland displays itself—the redundancy of the population.

That evil is like the last article to be packed into the traveller's carpet-bag—the thing too much, that will not be squeezed into the space: readjust the "traps" how you will, you cannot contrive to get that one in; whether it is your dressing-case, your clothes-brush, your shooting-shoes, your sandwich-box, your portable bootjack, or whatever else you may in turn leave out in the vain hope of poking it in at the last, there it stands, identical in the one material attribute of being *the thing de trop*—the realized excess.

So it is in Ireland: her population is redundant as compared with her land and capital, and the redundancy makes itself apparent in various shapes—the two and a half millions of beggars, the feverish emigration, the potato-diet, the famine, the public works, the excessive poor-rates, the anti-poor-rate agitation, the Ribandist hold of pauperism on the land, the landlord clearances, the anti-rent agitation. These are only so many different forms in which the one redundancy of people exhibits itself and its morbid working.

Some of these manifestations are immediately caused by the effort of the redundant people to make the most of the deficient land—such as the potato-diet; some by the effort of the miserable wretches who are extruded to retain a grasp upon the natural source of food, the land—such as the Ribandism, the beggary, and the anti-rent; some by the effort of the landowners to counteract that convulsive pauperism by shaking off the grasp—such as the clearances. But whatever the immediate shape of the tumultuary movement, it is only one symptom of the common disease.

The remedy is obviously to restore the balance in the three elements of national prosperity—introduce more capital, or extend the productiveness of the land, or diminish the people. Easier said than done. Capital will not venture into the region while it is so turbulent. Agricultural systems cannot be altered while the redundant population covers the land, any more than you can take up the carpet in your parlor while the whole family is at breakfast. It only remains to diminish the redundancy of the population by depletion. Get rid of that oppressive burden, and you may then so alter the state of matters as to extend the productiveness of the soil, and admit capital to a peaceful reign over universal prosperity. But until you remove the people who are starving because they are *de trop*, and are savage because they are starving, you will have neither quiet nor room for the effectual amelioration of the country. Ten to one, if you carry in food, the people will attack your messengers, as they have done the relief-officers; or if you were to bring capital, they would probably make a foray upon it, as the new pirates of the west coast did upon the corn-ships. A country with two millions and a half of souls whose redundancy is fatally marked out by their periodical destitution, *cannot* be still while you cure it and rearrange it. You must get rid of the immediate and exciting cause of irritation before you can apply constitutional remedies.—*Spectator*, 25 Sept.

From the Spectator.

MR. FRANCIS' HISTORY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

It, in the history of a nation, where actions and the actors are the first things that attract attention, and admit of, if they do not require, narrative or dramatic exhibition, the principles that lurk beneath the narrative, causing events and stimulating persons, ought to be clearly evolved, how much more is this exhibition necessary in subjects that partake of the character of science, where the principle is all in all? An extraordinary criminal, a remarkable suit, a particular decision, or an eccentric clerk of court, may be fitly introduced when they illustrate a law, or, sparingly, as a relief to drier matters. Such things, however, by no means form a history of law; any more than gossiping particulars or curious anecdotes of philosophers form a history of philosophy, even if garnished with some loose accounts of the facts of their discoveries, while the principles embodied in the facts remain unobserved.

From the connection of the Bank of England with the government, its long monopoly of the power of acting upon the circulation of the country, and the principles illustrated in almost every great financial question with which it has been involved, the history of the bank would seem imperatively to require a full exposition of the principles of currency, such at least as they appear to the historian, with an endeavor to show at each great crisis how far the conduct of the directors was influential for good or for evil, and how far their decisions were guided by true principles or by any principles. How Abraham Newland "cut up," and the means by which he gained his money—the adventurous arts and frauds of Price, the once celebrated forger, with his anticipation of Jack Ketch by hanging himself—the forgeries and execution of Fautleroy and others—the rush and crush at the doors of the bank when popular loans were to be subscribed for—with biographical notices of governors and directors—are all well enough as gossip, but by no means fitting topics to occupy a prominent place in a professed history of the Bank of England. The formal statistics of the subject—the amount of capital at various times, the terms on which the successive charters have been granted, the prices of bank stock, with the dividends thereupon, and the bonuses given to the proprietors, as well as the various runs the bank has encountered, and the financial crises or panics in which it stood conspicuous—are topics more germane to its real history. Still, they are the superficials of the matter. The economical condition of the country at the last-named occurrences—the causes which produced them—how far they were inevitable, or to what extent they were owing to the conduct of the public—the course which the directors pursued, and the results, with the principles to be deduced from their conduct and the circumstances of the case—are the animating soul of a history of the bank, while the

most important of the other points are at best but the body.

This animating spirit will not be found in the pages of Mr. Francis. It is not that his economical views or his currency doctrines are good, bad, or indifferent: he has none. The currency question scarcely seems to have exercised his thoughts; and when on great occasions—as the suspension of cash payments in 1797, their restoration by Peel in 1819, or the panic of 1825—he cannot well avoid the subject, he either pins his faith to some authority, (mostly the bank directors for the time being,) or takes refuge in the truism "that much may be said on both sides;" or if venturing any view of his own, he arrives at the conclusion of the politician in the farce, "that as near as he can guess he cannot tell." A similar want of financial vocation attends him where facts or regulations are in question. He generally quotes statistics, laws, &c., from others. In what may be termed financial events, he looks less to the externals than to the outside. The anxious crowds demanding their money in a panic, or the equally anxious dupes demanding permission to subscribe theirs in a mania, are the things that attract his first attention; as some personal characteristics are what he chiefly regards in individuals. Mr. Francis is all for the visible and tangible—the spirit of events is beyond his ken.

We need scarcely say that those who look for a scientific or statistical history of the Bank of England will not find it in these volumes. The volumes have, however, a merit of their own: they are readable, and even interesting—more so, indeed, than might be expected. They bear about the same relation to a philosophical history of the bank, as the anecdotal accounts of Mr. Heneage Jesse do to Hume's or Lingard's England. Courtly, or literary, or personal gossips, are numerous enough: Mr. Francis is a bank and business gossip. Had he been born at the Conquest and lived till now, and been disposed (a bolder supposition) to cut his reminiscences very short, he might have told his listeners just such a story as he gives his readers, about the persecutions of the earliest money-dealers, the Jews, and, after their expulsion, of the Lombards; how Gresham borrowed money for the Tudors; how Charles the First seized the deposits in the mint; and Charles the Second shut up the exchequer; the style in which the old goldsmiths did their business; how the bank first opened at Grocer's Hall, and what a poor place the then youngish old lady had in Threadneedle street when she first set up there; what a precious squeeze there was in the Rue Quincampoix when Law was distributing the shares in the Mississippi scheme; how "the quality" as well as the citizens thronged to Broker's Alley and jostled each other during the South Sea mania; how the Frenchmen did jabber and gesticulate, when, instead of gold for their notes, they read a decree of the regent "suspending the payment of them till further orders;" how John Bull roared for parliament to pay and punish, when

he found himself *done* by the bursting of the South Sea bubble; how cleverly the bank in the '45 managed to stave off stoppage by paying notes in sixpences to their own agents, who took the silver out of one door and then came back again with more notes to repeat the process, so that the public could never get near the counter; and what a sound view that practical man Mr. Thornton took of the war and invasion panic in '97, and the consequent bank restriction, when he declared the demand for gold was caused by the "*want of notes*," and not of guineas," and that if the bank had been more liberal in their discounts and in their issues of paper, people would not have run for gold!

There are better, or at least more statistically informing things in the volume, than mere gossip. The story of the bank so far as charters and accounts go may be found there; not very complete, or simply narrated, but still with facts, and facts of value from being brought together. The author has also dug up many curious particulars of the early state of the bank and its struggles, when goldsmiths presumed to rival it, and could even contemplate its ruin. The following refers to 1715 and the first Jacobite rebellion.

"The feelings of the private bankers towards their great rival do not appear to have been very conciliatory. The same writer (of a pamphlet) says—'I humbly refer to a case recent in memory, of two goldsmiths (knights also, and one of them member of parliament too) in Fleet street, who pushed at the Bank of England at the time of the Pretender's invasion from France. One of them, it was said, had gathered a quantity of bank bills to the value of near 100,000*l.*; and the other a great sum, though not so many; and it was said, resolved to demand them all at once. Let the gentlemen I point at inquire with what difficulty Sir R. Hoare wiped off the imputation of being a favorer of the rebellion, and how often in vain he protested he did it with no such view, and how hard the whigs were to believe him. Sir Francis Child, indeed, carried it with a higher hand; and afterwards pretended to refuse the bills of the bank, but still declared he did it as a goldsmith, and as a piece of justice to himself, on some points in which the bank had, as he alleged, used him ill.' The proposed invasion proved the esteem with which the bank was regarded by those whose good opinion was worth possessing. It was found that the Protestant succession had supporters as ardent as the adherents to the house of Stuart. When the run took place, many, instead of withdrawing their deposits, carried all their cash to assist the establishment. The lord treasurer, Godolphin, who as an astute and able financier felt that the credit of the country was connected with that of the bank, informed the directors that the queen would allow for six months an interest of six per cent. on their sealed bills. Nor was this all: the Dukes of Marlborough, Newcastle, and Somerset, with others of the nobility, offered to advance considerable sums of money to the corporation. A private individual who had but 500*l.* carried it to the bank; and on the story been told to the queen, she sent him 100*l.*, with an obligation on the treasury to repay the whole 500*l.* It is pleasant to read of such chivalrous devotion repaid in so royal a manner. Encouragement such as this gave a firmness to the establishment; and, united with a call of 20 per

cent. on the proprietors, enabled the directors to meet their difficulties and preserve their credit."

## EPOCHS OF NOTES.

"In 1759, bank-notes to a smaller amount than 20*l.* were first circulated; and the directors commenced issues of 15*l.* and 10*l.*, to meet the necessity experienced by the community. \* \* \*

"In 1795, the corporation commenced an issue of 5*l.* notes. \* \* \*

"The necessity of an issue of notes under 5*l.* being greatly felt by the commercial interest, an act was passed on the 3d of March, 1797, authorizing it; and by the 10th of the same month, notes for 1*l.* and 2*l.* were ready for delivery."

## HANGING FOR ONE-POUND NOTES.

"The circulation of 1*l.* notes proved conducive to a melancholy waste of human life. Considering the advances made in the mechanical arts, they were rough and even rude in their execution. Easily imitated, they were also easily circulated; and from 1797 the executions for forgery augmented to an extent which bore no proportion to any other class of crime. During six years prior to their issue there was but one capital conviction: during the four following years eighty-five occurred."

## THE TRADE IN "FLIMSIES."

"The odium thrown upon the Bank for the many deaths which have taken place for forgery must necessarily find some palliation in the subtlety of those who entered into the dangerous traffic. It was in truth a trade. The notes were frequently sold at so much in the pound, and, as in the instance about to be related, they were often sent into the foreign market. In 1808, Vincent Alessi, a native of one of the Italian states, went to Birmingham to choose some manufactures likely to return a sufficient profit in Spain. Amongst others he sought a brass-founder who showed him that which he required, and then drew his attention to 'another article,' which he said he could sell cheaper than any other person in the trade. Mr. Alessi declined purchasing this, as it proved to be a forged bank-note; upon which he was shown some dollars, as fitter for the Spanish market. These also were declined; although it is not much to the credit of this Italian, that he did not at once denounce the dishonesty of the Birmingham brass-founder. It would seem, however, from what followed, that Mr. Alessi was not quite unprepared; as in the evening he was called on by one John Nicholls, and, after some conversation, he agreed to take a certain quantity of notes, of different value, which were to be paid for at the rate of six shillings in the pound.

"Alessi thought this a very profitable business, while it lasted, as he could always procure as many as he liked, by writing for so many dozen candlesticks, calling them Nos. 5, 2, or 1, according to the amount of the note required. The vigilance of the English police, however, was too much even for the subtlety of an Italian: he was taken by them, and allowed to turn king's evidence; it being thought very desirable to discover the manufactory whence the notes emanated.

"In December, John Nicholls received a letter from Alessi, stating that he was going to America; that he wanted to see Nicholls in London; that he required twenty dozen candlesticks No. 5, twenty-four dozen No. 1, and four dozen No. 2. Mr. Nicholls, unsuspecting of his correspondent's captivity, and consequent frailty, came forthwith to



town to fulfil so important an order. Here an interview was planned within hearing of the police-officers. Nicholls came in with the forged notes. Alessi counted up the whole sum he was to pay, at six shillings in the pound, saying, 'Well, Mr. Nicholls, you will take all my money from me.' 'Never mind, sir,' was the reply; 'it will be all returned in the way of business.' Alessi then remarked that it was cold, and put on his hat. This was the signal for the officers. To the dealer's surprise and indignation, he found himself entrapped, with the counterfeit notes in his possession, to the precise amount in number and value that had been ordered in the letter. Thus Mr. Nicholls found his business suddenly brought to a close, and the brisk trade in imaginary candlesticks finished, to the infinite welfare of the public."

The story of the South Sea bubble, though having small relation to the history of the bank, is curious, and even appropriate, for its picture of public mania, without even plausible grounds to rest upon. It has also another aspect of interest, as showing that some of the public writers of the day, as in the case of the late railway mania, distinctly warned the public of the nature of the bubble; but the public then, as now, were not honest speculators, but fraudulent gamblers. To follow this point would lead to greater length than we can afford; but the following is a proof that there is nothing new, in this century, in the way of impudence and gullibility.

"The South Sea Company was a legitimate trade to some of the speculation which arose.

"Schemes were proposed which would have been extravagant in 1825, and which stamped the minds of those who entertained them with what may be truly termed a commercial lunacy. One was for the 'discovery of the perpetual motion.' Another for subscribing two millions and a half to '*a promising design hereafter to be promulgated.*' A third was a 'Company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage; but *nobody to know what it is*; every subscriber who deposits 2*l.* per share, to be entitled to 100*l.* per annum.' Even this insolent attempt on the credulity of the nation succeeded; and when the arch rogue opened his shop the house was beset with applicants. In five hours 2,000*l.* were deposited in the hands of the projector; and from that day he ceased to be heard of in England. Projects like these enlisted the lowest with the highest. On some sixpence and on others one shilling per cent. was paid; and as no capital was required, the comparative beggar might indulge in the same adventurous gambling, and enjoy the same bright castles in the air, which marked the dreams of the rich and the great. Some came so low as to ask only one shilling deposit on every thousand pounds. Persons of quality, of both sexes, were engaged in these. Avarice triumphed over dignity: gentlemen met their brokers at taverns, ladies at their milliners' shops."

It is said that elderly and very weak-minded people, when suffering under physical pain, often fancy it arises from their position. They cry for change as a relief, and wear out the patience of attendants by incessant alterations of posture, without the slightest benefit. Something like this occurs when rash or desperate speculations infect

a community, induce people to embark in adventures without reason and beyond their means, and when they fail, the cause is in anything rather than themselves. Just now the commercial world is suffering from a mania which has embarked an immense amount of capital in railway speculations not likely to yield the promised profit, or any profit, for several years to come. The bank, as usual, has displayed an incapacity to comprehend its position or the principles on which it should act. The corn-trade has engaged in speculations so rash, that it is said dealers have in some cases paid, or rather have undertaken to pay, freights to a higher amount than the commodity is now worth. And in addition to the folly of man, we have just struggled through a dearth, and are suffering from a scarcity of cotton in proportion to the demand. Hence, of course, extensive derangement to commercial men, as well as ruin to gamblers or speculators. People, however, will not admit that *they* are in fault: it used to be the bank—it is now the currency. Yet let us look at some of the results of an issue of paper unchecked but by the necessity of paying in gold. It is a chapter from the panic of 1825.

"The stoppage of the bank of Sir W. Elford, at Plymouth, while it added to the alarm in London, created a melancholy scene on the spot. The people were almost frantic. The holders of notes crossed and jostled each other in all directions. There was literally a whole population, with food in abundance staring them in the face, unable to procure it, as nothing but gold would be taken. Daybreak witnessed the bank surrounded by tumultuous mobs, and the civil power mustered in front. 'A night of fearful omen succeeded to many an unfortunate family.' The run on the Norwich Bank was stopped by the notes of the Bank of England being given in exchange.

"On the 12th of December, the crash which struck terror and alarm throughout London commenced with partners in the banking-house of Sir Peter Pole and Co., which was said to have yielded 40,000*l.* a year for the previous seven years, announcing their incapacity to meet the claims of their creditors. At nine o'clock this stoppage was known, and the exchange was resorted to to ask the cause, and inquire if other houses were in danger. Forty-four country banks were connected with the firm, and the ruin of many was anticipated. The agitation of the city exceeded everything that had been witnessed for a century. The funds fluctuated violently. Rumors of the failures of other firms spread rapidly. On the 13th, an important house, possessed of half a million of undeniable securities, declared, after a most severe pressure, an inability to meet its creditors. On the 14th, a West-end banker advertised that, though compelled to pause for the present in his payments, he hoped to resume on the following Saturday; and in this he was successful. On the same day the distress was increased by the stoppage of two firms, known as Sikes, Snaith, and Co., and Everett, Walker, and Co. The confusion spread; men ran in alarm and dread to draw the balances from the hands of their bankers. Lombard street was crowded with persons waiting in anxious fear or idle curiosity. A few gazers around a door was sufficient to create the destructive rumor that a run was made upon

the establishment. But there was no occasion for rumor. The people seemed to anticipate that the bankers kept all their deposits to answer unreasonable demands, and that the expense of a banking-house was maintained for the sole purpose of benefiting the public. Many a firm, of unimpeachable honor and unquestionable solvency, was compelled to bend before the storm. The merchant looked to his banker for support; but all the efforts of the latter were directed to save himself from destruction. The usual channels of credit were stopped, and the circulation of the country completely deranged. Checks came pouring in from all quarters; and it was remarked, that 'the question would soon be, not who goes, but who stands!'

"For two or three days the most unquestionable security would not procure money; nor could the public funds be said to have a price. There was no market for bank, there were no buyers of East India stock. It was the opinion of Mr. Huskisson that in forty-eight hours all dealings would have been stopped between man and man except by way of barter. Owing to the difference in the money and account prices of consols, those bankers who were compelled to sell stock to raise cash paid at the rate of 72 per cent. for the necessity."

There is nothing like this now, or any apprehension of it. Numbers of people—large classes of society—are not involved in distress or ruin by men with whom they had no connection, or matters over which they could exercise no control. The trader who has refrained from speculation, or not diverted his capital from his legitimate business to railway schemes, may be straitened, no doubt, in the general pressure; but he is safe. Failure is confined to those who have brought it on themselves by their rashness, or to men who have trusted these speculators in the way of business. Solvent and prudent men are secure; upwards of seventy banks are not spreading ruin through the country by their stoppage, involving traders and non-traders in one common misery.

#### EMIGRANT COLONIZATION AND HOME COLONIZATION.

THE population of Ireland is not really redundant—there is land enough for all, if it were properly cultivated; and whether you employ the Irishman in the transmarine colonies or in "home colonies," there is but the one thing wanting—capital. Why not, then, employ him at home, and spare him from exile?

The reason is, that capital is not the only want. England could find the money to cultivate all the lands of Ireland to the highest pitch of scientific culture; but she desiderates the faith, the tranquil order, the very motives of industry. She cannot at a stroke carry those things into Ireland; but it is found by experience that the Irishman can be carried to them, and that he actually finds them in the colonies.

Capital would give the preference to Ireland, for its proximity; but Ireland exhibits the strongest example of that which most deters capital—social disorder, and therefore English capital gives the colonies a preference over Ireland. There are many elements of risk and uncertainty in colonial investments, but colonial chances of profit are pro-

portionate; and, at all events, there is quiet instead of riot—that most certain of dangers to the investor. In Ireland the lands are in the possession of private owners, and of those moreover who cannot abandon a habit of exacting unpayable rents. Speculation in the culture of waste lands at a rackrent would be a joke as wild as the Mississippi bubble. There are exceptions to the rule of grasping landlords in Ireland, and laws might be passed to facilitate the appropriation of waste lands; but meanwhile, lands in the colonies are unowned, or are virtually vacant through the low price of the market. Public works would be ancillary to settlement both in Ireland and the colonies; but in Ireland public works are detested for their uselessness and jobbery; in the colonies they are needed, and are directly conducive to the general wealth. In Ireland labor is weighed down below the point of cheapness—down to listless pauperism, by the overwhelming weight of the two-million-and-a-half destitution; in the colonies labor is at a premium, and the only restriction on its gains is the paying-point of any employment. Many social circumstances conspire to defeat the benefits of home colonization; habit and the force of the general example are overwhelming; whereas emigration wrenches the laborer away from those evil associations, and compels him to "turn over a new leaf;" universal antagonism, the unceasing war of class upon class, breeds distrust, and prevents any faith in anything except class combinations; whereas in the colonies there is no time to get up such antagonism, and what the colonists know of their neighbors is a friendly coöperation in "husking bees" or "building frolics:" in Ireland the past is a history of universal failure; in the colonies, it is a history of unfailing success, attending even on apparent failure; the genius of Ireland is Despair; of every colony we have, it is Hope.

We have not been speculating or theorizing, but rapidly describing the actual experience of the past, and of the present.

But, indeed, emigrant colonization and home colonization are not incompatible; so much the contrary, that systematic emigration would be the best of all auxiliary measures for bringing the waste lands of Ireland into use; it would afford space and air for a new activity; would diminish the turbulence which keeps out capital; would stimulate industry by raising its premium—wages; and would infuse the animation of movement and hope into the Irish breast.—*Spectator*, 2 Oct.

#### PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS. THE STARS AND STRIPES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MULLIGANS," "PILOT," &c.

THE King of France was walking on the terrace of Versailles; the fairest, not only of queens, but of women, hung fondly on the royal arm; while the children of France were indulging in their infantile hilarity in the alleys of the magnificent garden of Le Notre, (from which Niblo's garden has been copied, in our own Empire city of New York,) and playing at leap-frog with their uncle, the Count of Provence; gaudy courtiers, emblazoned with orders, glittered in the groves, and murmured frivolous talk in the ears of high-bred beauty.

"Marie, my beloved," said the ruler of France, taking out his watch, "'tis time that the Minister of America should be here."

"Your majesty should know the time," replied

Marie Antoinette, archly, and in an Austrian accent; "is not my royal Louis the first watchmaker in his empire?"

The king cast a pleased glance at his repeater, and kissed with courtly grace the fair hand of her who had made him the compliment. "My Lord Bishop of Autun," said he to Monsieur de Talleyrand Perigord, who followed the royal pair, in his quality of arch-chamberlain of the empire, "I pray you look through the gardens, and tell his excellency Doctor Franklin that the king waits." The bishop ran off, with more than youthful agility, to seek the United States minister. "These republicans," he added, confidentially, and with something of a supercilious look, "are but rude courtiers, methinks."

"Nay," interposed the lovely Antoinette, "rude courtiers, sire, they may be; but the world boasts not of more accomplished gentlemen. I have seen no grandee of Versailles that has the noble bearing of this American envoy and his suite. They have the refinement of the old world, with all the simple elegance of the new. Though they have perfect dignity of manner, they have an engaging modesty which I have never seen equalled by the best of the proud English nobles with whom they wage war. I am told they speak their very language with a grace which the haughty islanders who oppress them never attained. They are independent, yet never insolent; elegant, yet always respectful; and brave, but not in the least boastful."

"What! savages and all, Marie!" exclaimed Louis, laughing, and chucking the lovely queen playfully under the royal chin. "But here comes Doctor Franklin, and your friend the cacique, with him." In fact, as the monarch spoke, the minister of the United States made his appearance, followed by a gigantic warrior in the garb of his native woods.

Knowing his place as minister of a sovereign state (yielding even then in dignity to none, as it surpasses all now in dignity, in valor, in honesty, in strength, and civilization,) the doctor nodded to the Queen of France, but kept his hat on as he faced the French monarch, and did not cease whistling the cane he carried in his hand.

"I was waiting for you, sir," the king said peevishly, in spite of the alarmed pressure which the queen gave his royal arm.

"The business of the republic, sire, must take precedence even of your majesty's wishes," replied Dr. Franklin. "When I was a poor printer's boy, and ran errands, no lad could be more punctual than poor Ben Franklin; but all other things must yield to the service of the United States of North America. I have done. What would you, sire?" and the intrepid republican eyed the monarch with a serene and easy dignity which made the descendant of St. Louis feel ill at ease.

"I wished to—say farewell to Tatua before his departure," said Louis XVI., looking rather awkward. "Approach, Tatua." And the gigantic Indian strode up, and stood undaunted before the first magistrate of the French nation: again the feeble monarch quailed before the terrible simplicity of the glance of the denizen of the primeval forests.

The redoubted chief of the Nose-ring Indians was decorated in his war-paint, and in his top-knot was a peacock's feather, which had been given him out of the head-dress of the beautiful Princess of Lamballe. His nose, from which hung the ornament from which his ferocious tribe took its designation, was painted a light-blue, a circle of green and

orange was drawn round each eye, while serpentine stripes of black, white, and vermilion alternately were smeared on his forehead, and descended over his cheek-bones to his chin. His manly chest was similarly tattooed and painted, and round his brawny neck and arms hung innumerable bracelets and necklaces of human teeth, extracted (one only from each skull) from the jaws of those who had fallen by the terrible tomahawk at his girdle. His moccasins, and his blanket, which was draped on his arm, and fell in picturesque folds to his feet, were fringed with tufts of hair—the black, the gray, the auburn, the golden ringlet of beauty, the red lock from the forehead of the Scottish or the northern soldier, the snowy tress of extreme old age, the flaxen down of infancy—all were there, dreadful reminiscences of the chief's triumphs in war. The warrior leaned on his enormous rifle, and faced the king.

"And it was with that carabine that you shot Wolfe in '57!" said Louis, eying the warrior and his weapon. "'Tis a clumsy lock, and methinks I could mend it," he added mentally.

"The chief of the French pale faces speaks truth," Tatua said. "Tatua was a boy when he went first on the war path with Montcalm."

"And shot a Wolfe at the first fire!" said the king.

"The English are braves, though their faces are white," replied the Indian. "Tatua shot the raging Wolfe of the English; but the other wolves caused the foxes to go to earth." A smile played round Dr. Franklin's lips, as he whittled his cane with more vigor than ever.

"I believe, your excellency, Tatua has done good service elsewhere than at Quebec," the king said, appealing to the American envoy; "at Bunker's Hill, at Brandywine, at York Island! Now that Lafayette and my brave Frenchmen are among you, your excellency need have no fear but that the war will finish quickly—yes, yes, it will finish quickly. They will teach you discipline, and the way to conquer."

"King Louis of France," said the envoy, clapping his hat down over his head, and putting his arms a-kimbo, "we have learned that from the British, to whom we are superior in everything: and I'd have your majesty to know, that in the art of whipping the world, we have no need of any French lessons. If your reglars jines General Washington, 'tis to learn from him how Britishers are licked, for I'm blest if *you* know the way yet."

Tatua said, "Ugh," and gave a rattle with the butt of his carabine, which made the timid monarch start; the eyes of the lovely Antoinette flashed fire, but it played round the head of the dauntless American envoy harmless as the lightning which he knew how to conjure away.

The king fumbled in his pocket, and pulled out a Cross of the Order of the Bath. "Your excellency wears no honor," the monarch said; "but Tatua, who is not a subject, only an ally of the United States, may. Noble Tatua, I appoint you Knight Companion of my noble Order of the Bath. Wear this cross upon your breast in memory of Louis of France;" and the king held out the decoration to the chief.

Up to that moment the chief's countenance had been impassible. No look either of admiration or dislike had appeared upon that grim and war-painted visage. But now, as Louis spoke, Tatua's face assumed a glance of inoffensive scorn, as, bending his head, he took the bauble.

"I will give it to one of my squaws," he said.



"The papooses in my lodge will play with it. Come, Medicine, Tatua will go and drink fire-water;" and, shouldering his carabine, he turned his broad back without ceremony upon the monarch and his train, and disappeared down one of the walks of the garden. Franklin found him when his own interview with the French chief magistrate was over, being attracted to the spot where the chief was, by the crack of his well-known rifle. He was laughing in his quiet way. He had shot the colonel of the Swiss guards through his cockade.

Three days afterwards, as the gallant frigate, the *Repudiator*, was sailing out of Brest harbor, the gigantic form of an Indian might be seen standing on the binnacle in conversation with Commodore Bowie, the commander of the noble ship. It was Tatua, the chief of the Nose-ribs.—*Punch*.

Correspondence of the Evening Post.

#### ROUND TOP, IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MR. EDITOR—Your correspondents have, at various times, called the attention of your readers to the wild scenery of the Catskills, until the view from the Mountain House, the Falls of the Katerskill, and the Clove, are familiar to all. But these writers seem to have neglected entirely the magnificent panorama displayed from the summit of Round Top, and which embraces within its circuit more varied attractions than can elsewhere be seen in the eastern states. To remind the lovers of mountain climbing that there is such a mountain, and that its summit is as accessible as many another whence vastly inferior views are considered as richly repaying the toil of climbing, I have ventured to solicit a little space in your columns.

And here let me remark, that of the two peaks which are observed from the river to tower loftily above their fellows, and which are contiguous, the front one is properly denominated Round Top—the other being High Peak. The former is about two hundred feet the higher, and is 3800 feet above the river. By the country people, High Peak is known as Round Top, and Round Top as the Bluff, from the bold front towards the river. The elevation of the Mountain House is but about 2200 feet.

It was upon Monday, the 4th of this present month, and one of the loveliest days of the season, that two of us were riding up the valley of the Schoharie Kill towards the base of the mountain. A "white-frost" had fallen the preceding night, and, as usual after this visitant, the sky was unclouded, and the sun looked through an atmosphere entirely free from mist and vapor upon the gorgeous covering of these autumnal forests, and upon the delicate frost-work that overspread the valley, coating rock and herb with a garb of diamonds.

By ten o'clock we had arrived at the head of the Platekill Clove, upon the southern side of the mountain, and here we left our horses under the care of a good-natured Dutch farmer, and girded us to the ascent. We were still a mile from the base, and the summit was perhaps one thousand feet above the road. The western slope of the mountain appeared much the easier of ascent, and we shaped our course thither; but after a half hour's walk through the forest, during which time we had not been able to catch a glimpse of the summit through the dense tree-tops, we found ourselves unexpectedly upon the eastern side, and beneath formidable precipices that almost inclined us to turn back and attempt some other passage. Our walk thus far had not been unattended with exertion, al-

though the ground had been comparatively level, for tangled balsams and low bushes had much impeded our progress.

But as we began to climb the rocks seemed to lose their sternness, and friendly passages opened everywhere. From the first ledge a view far more extensive than that from the Mountain House greeted us, and we could follow the Hudson through a course of more than seventy miles. Continuing on, the climbing became more and more easy, and upon the top of every prominent rock that lay in our course we lingered awhile to delight in the rapidly expanding scene below. Every step opened a wider horizon. Soon we were upon a level with the range of mountains to the south; another climb disclosed a bold range still to the south of these, and at last we stood upon the summit, and looked down, with what emotions may be imagined, upon the great valley of the Hudson, tracing the misty water from Albany to West Point, and noting well the cities and villages that studded its borders, and the silent craft that dotted its surface.

Far to the north, the horizon was confused with the outlines of the Helderberg mountains, which seemed to join hands with the lofty peaks of Vermont. These were lost, in their turn, in the gentle outline of the range of Taconic that sweep through Massachusetts and Connecticut, disappearing in the distance of the south. Below, mountain and hill seemed reduced to the same level, and the whole expanse, chequered with wood and field, and threaded by tiny streams, was smiling in the October sun.

The summit covers an extent of two or three acres, and is heavily timbered with tall white spruces. Hence, there is no point from which the whole circular horizon can be seen at once, and for a western view we must look out some other position.

The ground was covered with long green moss, closely enveloping rock and fallen branch. Here and there we noticed the holes of the squirrels, and about them were piled scraps of spruce cones. As no nuts are found upon these mountains, excepting, occasionally, beech-nuts, the red squirrels are forced to look for some other means of subsistence, and in the seeds of these spruce cones evidently find a good substitute. Sometimes we heard the faint whisper of the blue snow-bird, or the lively note of the tomtit, as they were moving hurriedly through the branches; but elsewhere, all was still as death.

Upon the western side we found no prominent rock whence we could look above the tree-tops, and for this purpose climbed one of the tall spruces. The scene from this was perhaps more magnificent than that from the bluff, for beneath us lay spread the whole range of the Catskills, ninety distinct peaks, of every conceivable mountain shape. Far to the west they stood in ragged relief against the sky, clothed in intensest blue. Coming eastward, this color varied its shade with every separate peak, until gradually it began to mingle with the painted hues of autumn, and at last we could distinguish the yellow of the beech and the elm, the fiery glare of the soft maple, and the gloomy green of the hemlock.

Down the immediate valley, the Schoharie Kill, one of the loveliest streams that ever wandered from a mountain home, threw towards us its gleam of silver in the declining sun; and towards the north we admired the quiet little lakes that are embowered in the forests near the Mountain House.

If a tower were built upon the summit of Round Top, of such a height as to overlook the trees, a circle of more than one hundred miles diameter would delight the traveller. The expense of such a tower would be trifling, not more than one hundred dollars, for the spruces that grow so luxuriantly in the vicinity would furnish abundant material. The students of Williams' College, a few years since, erected a log building upon the top of Greylock, to the height of thirty feet, and upon this elevated a steeple some thirty more, from which thousands of tourists have enjoyed the most enchanting view in Massachusetts. One man, in less than one week, could cut a path from the summit of Round Top to some one of the numerous roads that lead towards the Mountain House, and such an one, probably, as horses could ascend.

Why will not the enterprising proprietor of the Mountain House see to this, the coming season? The gratitude of thousands that yearly visit the Catskills, and more solid expressions than gratitude, will richly repay him.

I might speak of our descent, and of the wild cascades, and the awful chasm of the Plattekill Clove—the wildest Clove of the Catskills—and I might say a word for the good lady who lives at the head of that Clove, and who delights to welcome the wayfaring and hungry mountain climber—but I have done my errand, and I trust that others will take heed, and learn of these attractions for themselves.

W. H. E.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

Mr. Charles H. Peirce has sent us a beautiful volume,—*Poetry of Life*, by William B. Tappan,—from which we shall be able occasionally to give a page to our readers. We are conscious that our estimate of Mr. Tappan's poetical powers is not impartial—(and should be sorry if it were, after knowing him as a man and as a Christian for many years)—but we always open a volume from his hand with great pleasure. And such is the judgment of the Christian public. Many of his hymns have been incorporated into collections for public worship, and will be sung after all now living voices are silent.

Messrs. Saxton & Kelt are publishing, in monthly numbers, in a quarto form, a very useful work, at three dollars a year, called *The American Architect*, comprising *Original Designs of Country Residences*, adapted to the taste and circumstances of the Merchant, the Farmer, and the Mechanic. Each number contains a House; with views, elevations, ground plan, and ornamental work, in several plates; with an estimate of the cost and specifications of the carpenter and mason. And this is so carefully and particularly done as to be of great service to any one who is about to build. He may make his contract with the builder from it, and for the few cents which a No. will cost may save hundreds of dollars. We receive this work with much pleasure.

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